Bull, October 5, 1929
OPENCE

JOHN BULL

No. XL

OVER A MILLION SALE

You'll feel better when you've had a GUINNESS

A GUINNESS A DAY IS GOOD FOR YOU G.E. 53

FOR SMALL TRADERS, SHOPKEEPERS.

MAKE MORE MONEY.—Sell Tablecloths, Towels, Silk Stockings, Overalls, Men's Socks, Ties, etc. A 1,000 Bargains. The Oldest, Largest, Cheapest and Best Wholesale Firm. Write now for Catalogue B., Cochrane, Sons & Co., 2, Thomas St., Manchester.

DRAPERS.—Buy your supplies from the Largest Warehouse. Stocks of Hosiery, Remnants, Readymades, etc. Large Catalogue Free. —H. Clegg (Dept. B.), Turner St., Manchester.

CHEAPEST Wholesale House for Beginners for drapery, hosiery, boots, etc. Write for free cat. —H. Marks, 65, Houndsditch, London, E.1.

DRAPERY remnants for money-making. Wholesale lists free.—B. Lonsdale & Son, Dept. J.B., Textile Clearing House, Faulkner Street, Manchester.

FREE LIST to Dealers and Beginners for saleable lines in Hosiery, Drapery, Haberdashery, etc. Wholesale only.—Levy Bros., Dept. E., 59, Houndsditch, E.C.3.

PROFITABLE GOODS TO SELL in your spare time; every kind good profits. 160-page Catalogue free.—MAY (173), George St., Birmingham.

HAWKERS, Market Men and Door-to-Door Workers earn big money selling Old Moore's Almanack for 1930. Now ready. 2/9 gross, carr. paid.—Blakemore's, 26, Paternoster Row, London, E.C.4

AGENTS WANTED.

EARN £2 to £5 weekly. Run a bed-clothing Club amongst friends. No outlay. Parties free. —Carlisle Mills Co., Dept. 11, Birstall, Leeds.

AREAS available in all Districts for Exp. Salesmen. £7-£14 weekly can be earned.—Write, Stanley's, Warton Road, London, E.15.

EARN £3 weekly, plus Bonus.—Run Bed-clothing, Drapery and Fancy Clubs amongst Friends. No outlay. Illustrated catalogue free.—Grove Mills Co. (Dept. M.), Birstall, nr. Leeds.

A BALMORAL SAMPLE BOOK OF PRIVATE XMAS CARDS AND CALENDARS AWAITS EVERY ENTERPRISING AGENT. GET THIS FREE BOOK OF 1929 NOVELTIES CONTAINING TORTOISESHELL, WALLET, BUTTERFLIES, GOLD MEDALLIONS, PURSE CALENDAR, PRIZE DOG STUDIES, FLOWER SPRAY, CUT-OUT VELOUR, LETTER RACK, BLOTTER & CARDS FOR EVERY TASTE. THE BOOK COMPILED BY EXPERTS. HIGHEST COMMISSION. GENUINE PRIZES.—STEWARTS, DEPT. A., COMMERCIAL MILLS, BLACKBURN.

AGENTS WANTED for the Famous CARLTON SERIES of British-made Christmas Cards, Calendars & Novelties. SAMPLE BOOK FREE. WONDERFUL COMMISSION and PRIZES.—Apply, TREBLE, 151, Cheapside, Preston.

A.A.A.—Something new in Private Greeting Cards. SENSATIONAL NOVELTIES, every card a seller. Do not waste time with a back number. To make BIG MONEY you must have the very latest designs. The "Imperial Art" Series supplies these and gives HIGHEST COMMISSION. Send for FREE SAMPLE ALBUM.—Lancaster Publishing Co., Dept. 108, Lancaster.

CHRISTMAS Card Agents wanted for "Mascot" series. A weekly income assured with no outlay. 60 cards and calendars free.—Tros. Hobkirk & Co., Preston.

PRIVATE GREETING CARDS. — Largest Manufacturers require Agents. FREE Sample Book, DELIGHTFUL NOVELTIES: Calendars, New Feature Cut-out Velour Designs, Sensational Calendar Novelty on Wooden Stands, Detachable SPRAYS OF FLOWERS, Notepapers, Celluloid Pocket Calendar; Blotter; GREETING CARDS FOR EVERY TASTE. Most extraordinary book ever published. ENORMOUS PROFITS. Prizes for all.—ALL-BRITISH CHRISTMAS CARD CO. (Dept. 290), BLACKBURN.

WANTED, 100 Agents. No experience. 10/- in £ Com. You want cheap cards—we have them. Finest book of Private Christmas Greeting Cards free with full instructions. Make Merry and Make Money now! Dept. 1, Cleveland Press, 6-8, Sycamore Street, E.C.1.

CHRISTMAS CARD AGENTS WANTED. "Snowball" Series. 25-page free Album of Calendars, entitled Chums—Cinderella—The Blue Bird's Song — Sweetheart — reproductions of several Oriental Paintings, and over 40 cards of distinction. Also Special 1/- packets. Calendars 6d. to 1/- each at 2/9 per doz. Enrol now and make £££s. weekly.—Dept. J., Minster Press, Preston.

THE BEST PRIVATE XMAS CARD SAMPLE BOOK PUBLISHED CAN BE HAD AT ONCE, FREE OF CHARGE, BY ENTERPRISING AGENTS OF EITHER SEX. COMM. to 50 P.C. & HANDSOME PRIZES.—DEPT. 2, PRIVATE XMAS CARD MFG. CO., CITY WORKS, MANCHESTER.

ALL-BRITISH CHRISTMAS CARDS. Agents wanted for the entirely British-made "CASTLE" Series, the Most Profitable Agency offered. WONDERFUL PRIZE SCHEME.—Write now for FREE SAMPLE BOOK and particulars of the Money-making Agency to CASTLE PUBLISHING CO., 50, ANCHOR COURT, PRESTON.

ACTIVE AGENTS wanted (either sex) to sell PRIVATE CHRISTMAS CARDS. Sample Book Free. Magnificent collection of exquisite cards at popular prices. This book will make money in your spare time. HIGHEST COMMISSION. VALUABLE PRIZES.—Apply, Denton & Co., Ltd., Dept. D.15, Accrington.

10/- TO £ COMMISSION.—Xmas Club Agents Wanted. Chocolates, Cigs., Toys, Fancy Goods (600 varieties).—Garner, 88, Sheepridge Road, Huddersfield.

AGENTS wanted for the "Golden Art" Private Greeting Cards; every free book a goldmine; highest com. and prizes.—Dept. B., British Card Association, 9, Middle Row, Goswell Road, E.C.1.

IMPORTANT to Club-holders, Spare-time Agents, Small Shopkeepers, etc. Wonderful great offer.—TINSLEY, 12, Vyse St., Birmingham

EMPLOYMENT.

15/- in £ Profit. Thousands earning by buying Silk Stockings to sell to friends, etc. Send for Cat. Shade Cards issued.—Nicksons, Makers, Broadway Chambers, London, W.6. Copyright.

100 BOYS, 15 to 18½, wanted monthly for Australian farms. Great prospects for strong boys of good character. Advanced passages.—Write or call; O/8, Church Army, 55, Bryanston Street, W.1.

START A POSTAL BUSINESS

Shopping by Post is spreading like wildfire throughout the world. You can start a Mail Order Business quite simply in your own home by the "Hand" System. Expenses low, profits high, no special skill required. This system, invented by Charles Hand, Founder and Present Controller of the world-famous Mail Order House of Hand & Co., 20, New Oxford St., London, W.C.1, and Oakley House, Bloomsbury St., W.C.1, made in the first year (1923) net profits £1,720 11s. 2d. on an initial outlay of £14! (Certified by Chartered Accountants. Copy Certificate supplied to every applicant.) One investment of £3 10s. brought in £343! Send to-day for FREE BOOKLET, "How to Start a Mail Order Business," to Charles Hand, Oakley House, Bloomsbury St., London, W.C.1. (Mention J.B. and enclose 1½d. stamp.)

THERE IS MONEY IN IT.

SMALL ADS. WORTH WATCHING

Prepaid Rate: 9s. per line averaging six words. Minimum charge 27s.

ARE YOU TIRED OF ROUTINE WORK AT A SMALL WAGE? One good way out of the rut is to become a Travelling Salesman. Suitable men can be trained under Wallace Attwood, by post, in their spare time. Hundreds of men without previous experience "on the road" have been able to lift themselves out of routine jobs by an Attwood training in modern salesmanship. Attwood men are now earning their £400, £500, and even up to four figures p.a. To help you to judge whether you are fitted for this career, write for 36-page booklet, "The Profession of Salesmanship," free.—The Wallace Attwood College, 29T, Bedford Row, London, W.C.1. ('Phone: Chancery 7528.)

MOTOR DRIVERS.—Special training for Private or Commercial Service. THE BRITISH SCHOOL OF MOTORING trains to the standard of the ROYAL AUTOMOBILE CLUB Official Certificate, which is the only standard of proficiency ACCEPTED BY EMPLOYERS. Employment Department licensed by the L.C.C.—CALL or write for full particulars. BRITISH SCHOOL OF MOTORING, LTD., 5, COVENTRY ST., PICCADILLY CIRCUS, W.1. (Corner of Regent Street, next Lyons' Corner House.)

EARN £3—£6 weekly as a Certificated Bookkeeper. Individual postal tuition, 10/- monthly. Success guaranteed. Position found when qualified or fee returned. Booklet, testimonials, prize scheme free.—City Correspondence College (D.9), 89, New Oxford Street, London W.C.

WALLPAPERS from mills from 2½d. roll. New Designs. Patterns post free.—Generous Mills (Dept. 81, Boothdale Road, Manchester.

SHEFFIELD-MADE "Firle" Razor Blades, 1/- per dozen. Only want trying. Agents wanted.—Dronfield Tool Co., Dronfield, Sheffield.

WALLPAPERS.—Great Clearance of 1929 designs at reduced prices. Write for mammoth pattern book post free.—SHAREY, MORRIS & CO. (LONDON), LTD., DEPT. J., 32, LONDON ROAD, SOUTHWARK, LONDON.

BALLOONS, Paper Hats, Novelties, etc., for Dances and Parties. 24-pp list No. J.B.1140, Dudleys, Ltd., 451, Holloway Rd., London, N.7.

WOOLS, GREAT BARGAIN SALE.—1d., 1½d., 2½d. oz. Silky, 3½d. oz. Rug, 3½d., 1/- and 1/6½d. Knit Guide, 500 styles, free.—"Scalia," Wools, 158, New Bridge St., Newcastle-on-Tyne.

SEND FOR AUTUMN TINTS Velour, Angolay Catalogue. See latest Curtain Note, Pattern and full instructions of 2 and 3-Valve sets.—Deptone, 189, High Street, Deptford, S.E.8.

YOUR NEW OVERCOAT. Why not be tailored by post by Wallingfords (of Oxford St.), Ltd. and pay whilst you wear? You get the best cloth, the best service, and the easiest of terms. Call or write for new patterns, self-measurement chart and full particulars.—Wallingfords (of Oxford St.) Ltd., Dept. A., 125, Edgware Road, London W.2.

Fullotone again set the pace!

NEW AUTO-STOP • NO DEPOSIT • 18 MONTHS CREDIT

7/4 SECURES Followed by 17 Monthly Payments of 7/4 Carriage Paid U.K.

Model No. 19

19 NEW MODELS.

Specification.

Artistic Jacobean Cabinet in SOLID OAK, 35 inches high, complete with new automatic stop, Fullotone all-metal Sound Chamber, powerful COLLARO Motor, Fullotone Junior Soundbox, and new turn-over tone-arm. Produces enormous volume, with unusual lifelike purity. Guaranteed for 12 months.

Fullotone have brought the marketing of gramophones up to a fine art. They have made genuine Fullotone instruments so easy to buy that they are now within the reach of all. From all over England customers write their appreciation of the pure tone and amazing volume of Fullotone gramophones, and they are delighted to find that this year the NO DEPOSIT system has been installed, and that payments can be spread over 18 MONTHS. Fullotone sell direct from Factory to Public, THAT MEANS THAT YOU SAVE IN THE COST WHAT THE RETAILER, MIDDLEMAN AND WHOLESALER WOULD GET in the ordinary way. A Fullotone is the biggest bargain ever offered, and when you hear it you will agree that it is easily worth double the money.

Stops Itself Automatically

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WRITE, 'PHONE or CALL for FREE 19 Model Coloured Catalogue.

FULLOTONE GRAMOPHONES (1929), LTD.

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'Phone: North 6017. *Also Branches at*

CROYDON—41, George St. LIVERPOOL—32, Paradise St.
EAST HAM—14a, High St. HAMMERSMITH—39, Oxford Rd.
TOTTENHAM—682, High Rd. BOLTON—47, Bridgeman St.
HULL—Beaumont Bridge. GLASGOW—302, Argyle St.

FULLOTONE

IT STOPS ITSELF!

REG'D

AMBITIOUS MEN should join the POLICE.—Expert Postal Tuition for Entrance Examination. Success guaranteed.—Write, Service Correspondence College, Thatcham, Newbury.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES, SERVICES.

"DO YOU ADVERTISE?" Advertisement inserted in 56 Provincial newspapers or London and Suburban, 7/10: Welsh, 5/8. Large or small Mail Order Campaign Experts. Advice free. Prospectus.—Central Press (Dept. 60), 336, High Holborn, London, W.C.1. 'Ph.: Chancery 8112.

PRINTING.—10,000 Handbills or Billheads at 3/3 per 1,000. Samples of Printing for all trades, with list of 687 prices, 2d. postage.—Mead & Son, Room 60, Sandy, Bedfordshire.

CHEAP Printing.—1,000 Cards, Billheads or Handbills from 2/6. Other Cheap Printing. Samples free.—Pearson's, Church Rd., Portsmouth.

BARGAIN SALES.

A FREE AD. in the Greatest Private Advertising Paper, "THE EXCHANGE & MART"! This amazing offer closes Monday. Thousands of private bargains. 2d. now; specimen free.—E. Burt, 4, Greville St., E.C.1.

WALLPAPERS direct from 2½d. per roll. Send for patterns post free.—West Riding Wallpaper Co., 82, Trinity Street, Leeds.

KNITTING Wool Bundles, 8 oz. 2/-, 5/6 1½ lb., for Socks, etc. White, Navy, Grey Yarn 3/10 1½ lb., post free. Patts of Wool Serges, Tweeds, etc.—Egerton Burnetts, W.B. Warehouse, Wellington, Som.

FURNITURE.—Three rooms nicely furnished for 35 guineas. Bedroom Suite, including polished Walnut Dressing Chest of Drawers with Large Swinging Mirror, Marble-top Washstand, Full-size Massive Black and Brass Bedstead with Spring Mattress and all new Bedding Complete. Heavy Black and Brass Fender and Brasses. Strong Parlour Suite in Leather, consisting Well-Sprung Couch, 2 Arm-chairs and 4 small Chairs. Polished Walnut Centre Table and Overmantel to match. Axminster Rug and Pretty Carpet 3 yards long. Curtains, Pictures, Kitchen Furniture, including extending Dining Table, Chairs, Lino, Rugs, Oilcloth Curb, etc. The lot complete, accept 35 guineas. Grents Sacrifice. Would separate. Quite New. Easy Terms arranged. All goods packed and put on rail free and sent any distance.—Home Furnishing Stores, 21 and 21a, Seaside Road, Eastbourne.

RUG MAKING.—Finest Axminster Yarn, in hanks, 2/- lb., postage extra. Write for samples. —PARKER & CO., 46, George Street, Ayr.

DANCE Novelties, advt. balloons, hats, fans, masks, mascots, etc. List free.—Novelty Supply Stores (Dept. 10), 236, Mile End Rd., Lon., E.1.

SEVEN DAYS' free trial offer of the VITAPHONIC SOUND DOX appears in the advt. on page 16.

SEVERAL Gramophone Offers appear in this issue, and free catalogues are offered in each. See pages 2 (FULLOTONE), 12 (ROBEY), 24 (MEAD), 35 (GRAVES).

FREEMANS CASH OR CREDIT

CELEBRATED SPARE TIME AGENCY

BOOTS, Gent's and Ladies' Clothing, Suits, Coats, Costumes and Underwear, Carpets, Lino, Drapery, Gramophones, Bicycles, Jewellery, Watches, Clocks, China, Toys, Baby Carriages, etc.

Men in regular employment appointed as Agents.

Largest stock in the trade. Liberal supply of samples. Highest Commission Paid. *Illustrated Coloured Catalogues.*

NO OUTLAY, ALL PROFIT. *Enquiries for Agency Invited.*

LAVENDER HILL, LONDON.

READERS' attention is drawn to the ROYAL RECORD CABINETTE advertised on page 33.

CRANE'S offer a Piano or Organ on deferred terms, 20/- down. Send for Catalogue No. 22. The address appears in the body of the page. Also write for Catalogue No. 15 offered in this Gramophone advt. on page 32.

DRESS.

BABY'S BETTER QUALITY LAYETTE 30/- (75 guaranteed garments. (No tapes. Hats to match pieces.) Most durable and sensible hosiery made. Gowns, Flannels, large Napkins, Wraps, Cardis, Shawls, Vests, etc. Accept verdict of first purchaser. 1,000 letters testimonials. Privately from a mother, 15 years' experience. Call or send 5/- for parcel on approbation. Cash or terms. Mrs. J. Howard, 66, Dover Road, Portsmouth.

BABY'S BEAUTIFUL LAYETTE, 30/-. Home-made pieces. Contains everything from Chuds, robes, to Hankies. A purchaser writes: "Could not be bought here for £5." Another: "Everything worked beautifully." Another: "Testimonials daily. Post 2/- now for size. Stitch guaranteed unequalled bargain on approval. Cash or terms.—Mrs. D. Marston, 97, Lord Road, Portsmouth.

MUSICAL.

GRAMOPHONES, 22/6; motors, 8/6; accessories, 20 types internal horns cheap, 6d.-post, 3d. How to make Gramos.—Megnatone, 139, Old Street, London, E.C.1.

VIOLINS, Drummers' Outfits, Saxophones, Trombones, Trumpets, Gramophones, etc., for cash or deposit, 3/6 weekly. Lists free.—Palmer, 135, Westthorpe Road, Middlesbrough.

SOLO 220 Gramophone for £3. Instruction Book. Largest Internal Horns and Motors. List free.—F. H. G., 185, High St., Deptford, S.E.8.

WIRELESS.

WIRELESS.—Make your Loudspeaker Set for 30/-! Send 3d. stamps for two 6d. blueprints and full instructions of 2 and 3-Valve sets.—Deptone, 189, High Street, Deptford, S.E.8.

MARKETING BY POST.

TEA.—Buy direct. Save middlemen's profits. Indian and Ceylon blended. Empire blend, 4 lb. 10 lb. 12/-. Standard blend, 4 lb. 6/-, 10 lb. 12/-. No. 1 dust, 7 lb. 5/-, 10 lb. 8/-. All carriage paid.—Poulter & Co., Dane Place, Bow, E.3.

LIVESTOCK, POULTRY, ETC.

SPECIAL OFFER. — Talking Parrots with Cages, from 30/-. Singing Canaries, 15/-. 3 months' trial. List fr.—Chapmans, 17, Tottenham Court Road, London.

TALKING BUDGERIGARS! How to make these beautiful pet birds speak. See "CAGE BIRDS" this week. The only journal for bird lovers. Now 2d., all newsagents; specimen free from J. B. Burt, 4, Greville Street, E.C.1.

HELP FROM WILL HOOLEY, F.Z.S., well-known poultry expert, will make your poultry pay. Free to readers of "THE POULTRY WORLD," 2d. every Friday. Specimen free from J. B. Burt, 4, Greville Street, E.C.1.

MEDICAL, CURATIVE.

WORMS CURED.—Artico Brand Worm Tablets are a Specialist's Positive and Permanent cure. They cure most violent cases by gently destroying the very cause of the worm's existence. No fasting, no dieting, no interference with daily habits. Send 1/6 for generous supply or 1½d. stamp for Free Pamphlet.—Richard Tablet Co., 34-36, Codnor, Derby.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING. Genuine remedy proved by testimonials.—Write, The Stop Smoking Institute (J.B.), 21, Warwick Lane, E.C.4.

BLADDER Weakness, Kidney troubles, Backache cured by Parker's Fluid Remedy. 1/3, 3/-, 5/-, etc., or Parker's Remedy, Ltd., Liverpool.

FEELING seedy and "all out"? Take a wineglass of BOLS VERY OLD GENEVA (in the stone bottle). It will give you relief at once. Keep a bottle in the house and take some occasionally. Bols V.O. Geneva regulates the system for either sex.

NERVOUSNESS. A remarkable book on the cure of Self-consciousness, Blushing, Depression, Weak Nerves, Insomnia, Morbid Fears, etc., is commended by Editor of "Health & Strength." sent privately for 3d. only. — Henry Gaze (J.B.57) 40, Lamb's Conduit Street, W.C.1.

HAIR. Those who are suffering from hair or approaching baldness should read Godfrey's advertisement. See page 10.

A SPECIAL Offer of interest to those suffering from Catarrh is on page 31. (See also Cooper's advertisement.)

SEND the coupon in the DR. BLOSSER advt. on page 12 for free sample packet of CHARLETTES for CATARRH.

BALDNESS CURED.—ATEKA grows Hair within EIGHT DAYS. Guaranteed to stop falling hair. Cures dandruff. Large bottle 5/-.—Ateka Co., 27, Old Jewry, London, E.C.2.

WANTED TO PURCHASE.

BEST prices paid for Jewellery, Diamonds, Platinum, Gold, Silver, Scrap, Antiques, Bullion, Pintes (not Vulcanite), Valuable Property, etc. Nothing too large nor too small. Cash per return.—Bentley & Co., 353, Oxford Street, London, W.1.

ANY kind old gold, silver, jewellery, diamonds, old false teeth, platinum scrap, bought. Highest cash by return.—Bell's, Upperhead Road, Leeds.

MISCELLANEOUS.

64-P. BOOK about Herbs and how to use them, 2d., post free.—Trimnell's, The Herbalist, 9, Richmond Rd., Cardiff. 50 yrs.' exp. Advice free.

LOST MEDALS REPLACED.—Medal Index, 1d. an inch post extra.—NINNES, BYE, KENT.

THAT TORN MACKINTOSH can be repaired neatly, easily and permanently with "Mac-tear," 9d. tin at Boots', Chemists, Cycle Agents, or free by post for 10d. stamp.—Leicester Rubber Co. (Dept. H.), Leicester.

IS SEX DESIRE A SIN?—Read T. B. Partington's outspoken article in "HEALTH & STRENGTH" this week. Now at all bookstalls, agents, 3d., or 4d. in plain wrapper from the publishers, J. B. Burt, 4, Greville Street, E.C.1.

FREE.—Send for the B.D.V. GIFT BOOK. The address appears in the advt. on page 3. Mention *John Bull*.

A FREE specimen copy of the "WORKERS MAGAZINE" will be sent to readers forwarding the coupon in the advt. on page 3.

FREE booklet of nearly 100 tested Recipes offered in the "ATORA" advt. on page 3. Mention *John Bull* when writing for this.

OLD SHOES can be dyed, renovated and made like new with "Nu-Shade." Why not try "Nu-Shade" for those old shoes? It costs nothing, and the advt. on page 3 shows you where to send.

CUT YOUR OWN HAIR and save time and money. It's easier to do than you think with a "Trimit" Comb, and it costs only 1/9 (see advt. on page 3).

"JOHN BULL'S" GREAT PRIZE OFFER *(See page 38).*

IMPERIAL BABY CARS
SNAP THIS CHANCE
2/- A WEEK
FACTORY BARGAINS
Cash or Easy Terms.
All complete
No extras.

Beautifully made and finished.
SENT ON APPROVAL.
Be sure you buy an Imperial Pram. Supplied DIRECT FROM FACTORY, so better buying is impossible.
Write NOW for FREE ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE and full details of generous EASY TERMS.
IMPERIAL CARS (Dept. E),
212/214, PENTONVILLE RD., King's Cross, London, N.1

JOHN BULL'S SHOP WINDOW

BUY BY POST AND SAVE MONEY
JOHN BULL'S Shop Window brings a Bargain Store to Your Door. These goods have been chosen for their outstanding quality and value. Study each offer carefully. Write your name and address clearly, send money and notes by registered post. Always mention JOHN BULL.

I guarantee your satisfaction

HOW YOU ARE SAFEGUARDED
Only reliable and fair-dealing firms are allowed to display their goods in JOHN BULL'S Shop Window. You can buy from them as safely as purchasing across a shop counter, for every article is sold under a strict guarantee of absolute Satisfaction or Money Back in full.

Next and Tailored
OVERCOATS for 6/- a month

Be tailored by Wallingfords, and so be assured of absolute satisfaction. These overcoats, cut and made in our own workshops, are the keenest bargains ever offered for 42/- cash or 6/- down and 6 monthly payments. They are marvellous value. Write NOW for free patterns and easy self-measurement chart.
Wallingford's
(of Oxford Street),
(Dept. A.) (Note New Address):—
128, Edgware Rd., London, W.2.

£2 GRAMOPHONE
ELECTRIC PICK UP FREE
All who WRITE NOW for our BARGAIN LISTS and ORDER WITHIN 10 DAYS! The wonderful MIRACLE 2, 3 or 4-Valve Sets, all complete ready for Switching-in, yours for 5/- down. Come and Hear-true Loud Speaker. Astonishing results. LISTS FREE.
ONLY 5/- DOWN

WRITE NOW.
WORLD'S WIRELESS STORES, WALLINGTON, SURREY.

ONE WEEK ONLY—SURPLUS STOCK
500 Complete BEDDING SETS 500
Cash or C.O.D.

1 pair Heavy White Bordered Blankets, whipped edges, double bed.
1 pair Heavy Twill Bolton Sheets, double bed.
1 pretty Alhambra Quilt double bed, lovely colours
1 fine White Bolster Case.
2 fine White Pillow Cases.
2 Turkish Hand Towels.
FREE GIFT Charming Lady's Work Bag with every order.
All for 20/- Carr. Paid.
Cash or C.O.D. Money refunded if not satisfactory.
CASEMENT MFG. CO. (Dept. J.B.),
ALLUM STREET MILLS, MANCHESTER.

A CHALLENGE!!
Next time
send only half your linen to a laundry and let Preservene clean the other half by just 20 minutes' boiling. Note the difference in colour and compare the cost.

ASTOUNDING BARGAIN
SPECIAL CLEARANCE OF FLOOR COVERING
72 SQ. FT. 15/-
SAMPLES FREE.

DAMP PROOF & ROT PROOF THICKER than Lino. Specially suitable for damp stone or wood floors. Lies flat without fastening, no nails or paste required. 72 sq. ft. for 15/-. Longer lengths pro rata. All rolls two yards wide. Many pretty patterns to choose from.
J. B. ANDREWS & SONS,
80, Carter Street, Walworth Road, London, S.E.17.
PAROLEUM

DO YOU DYE YOUR CLOTHES—
WHY NOT YOUR SHOES?
Your comfortable old Brown Shoes Renovated for the Autumn in TWO MINUTES
Don't do this—

SCRATCHES FILLED IN—OIL STAINS REMOVED.
ANY shade of Brown produced with a shilling supply of "NU-SHADE."
Thousands of pairs, both Men's and Women's, renovated & dyed already.
WHY NOT YOURS?
CUT THIS OUT NOW, AND SHOW IT TO YOUR FRIENDS.
Price 1/-, at all stores. By post, 1/3 (Overseas, 1/5). Other colours Blue, Black, etc., send 6d. stamp for sample.
From NU-SHADE, (J. B. Dept.) Oulton Broad, Suffolk

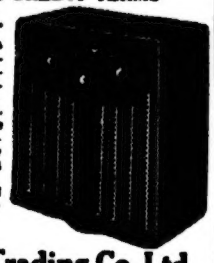
SHEETS GIVEN AWAY

WE CREATE ANOTHER RECORD by making the astonishing offer of giving FREE to EVERY purchaser of our 40/- MONSTER BEDDING BARGAIN, ONE PAIR of REAL LANCASHIRE FINE TWILL SHEETS in ADDITION to the pair included in the Bale. There is always a huge demand for our wonder Bedding Offers, and there will be for this, so send your order at once to avoid disappointment. Money refunded at once if not entirely satisfied.

ONE Art DOWN QUILT (in good quality Sateen cover and panels).
PAIR of WHITE WOOLLY BLANKETS. English made, whipped and bordered.
PAIR of FINE TWILL SHEETS, real Lancashire woven, soft and durable.
PAIR of PILLOW CASES, pure White Longcloth, hemmed and buttoned.
ONE lovely ALHAMBRA QUILT, in all newest colourings and designs.
ONE splendid STRIPED BED TICK.
PAIR of long NOTTINGHAM LACE CURTAINS, or TWO PAIRS of lovely CASEMENT CURTAINS.
ONE BEDROOM RUG, coloured floral design.
All Bedding for full-size double beds. ALL BRITISH MADE BEDDING.

EXTRA GIFT of this CHARMING CLOCK, *suitable for any room, if full cash sent with order.*

This Sale can be purchased by easy instalments. Send for particulars.
Treasury Notes should be registered
40/- Carriage Paid.
L. & C. MOSS (Dept. J.B.),
Stevenson Square, MANCHESTER.

Betta 5-VALVE PORTABLE 10/- With Order
Balance on LONG CREDIT TERMS
FREE for 7 Days' TRIAL

Brings in clearly and easily a wide range of British and Continental Stations at full loud-speaker strength. Absolute simplicity; no coils to change, no aerial; no earth. One-dial tuning and plug for electric gramophone pick-up and complete with turntable. Fully Guaranteed for one year against mechanical breakdown.
Write for Catalogue J.B.2 and full details of our Special Home Trial Offer.
Betta Trading Co. Ltd.
113, G. Portland St., London, W.1

CUT YOUR OWN HAIR
GREAT HALF PRICE OFFER
SAVES TIME AND MONEY.
FOR LADIES AND GENTS.

Trims as it Combs.
1/-
Keeps Your Hair Short and Neat.
Simple Adjustable Blade. A Child can use it
FREE An Extra Blade will be given free to all sending for above.
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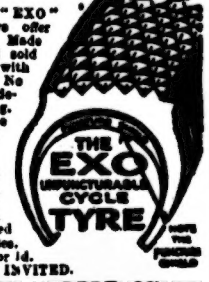

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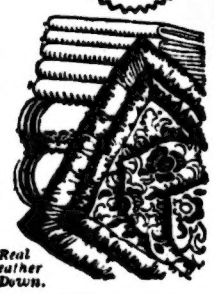
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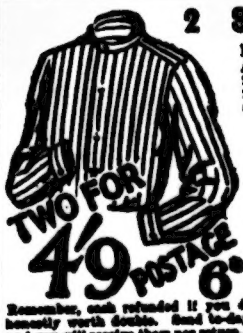

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Remember, cash refunded if you do not consider these shirts honestly worth double. Send to-day, stating size of neckband, and you will receive them per return, together with our catalogue of working men's many bargains.
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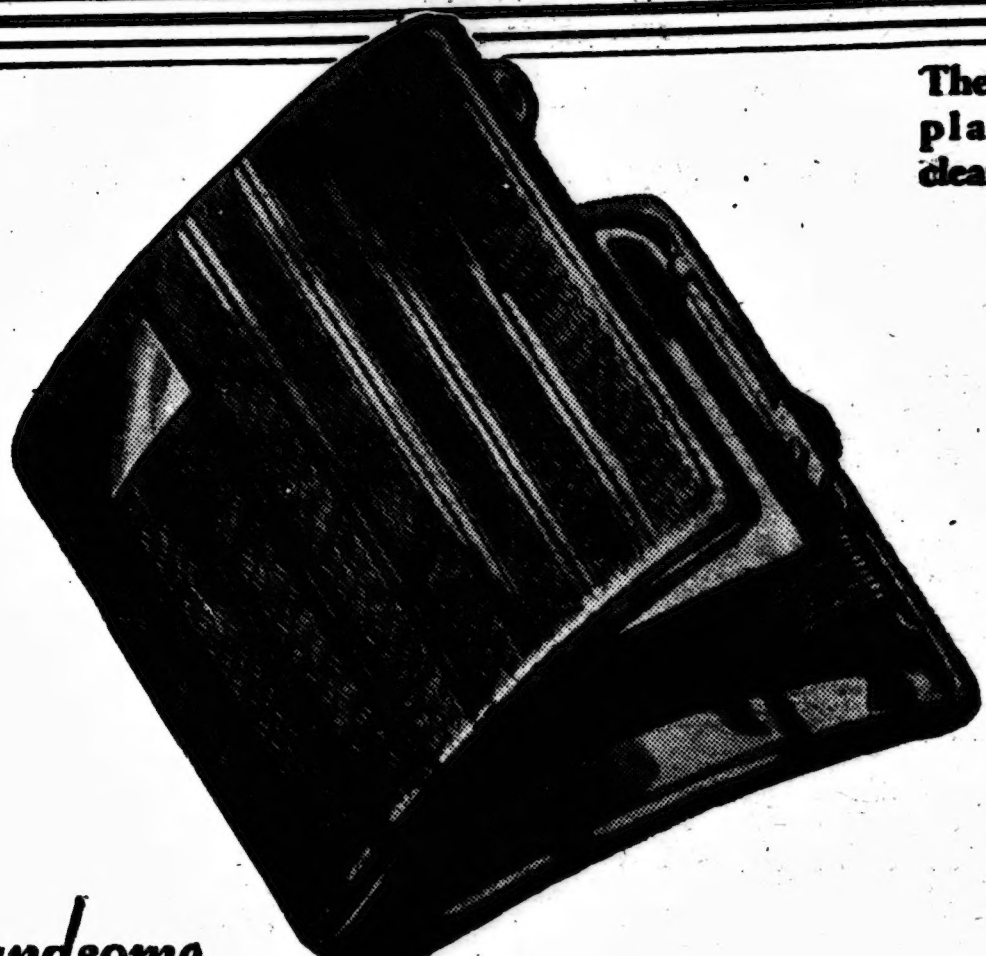

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THURSDAY,
for Week ending Saturday
Oct. 5, 1929. Twopence
Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper. Postage: Inland and Canada, ½d.; all other parts of the world, 1½d.

"If you see it in 'John Bull,' it is so"

MR. SNOWDEN approved the raising of the Bank Rate to 6½ per cent.—but only after Mr. Montagu Norman, the Governor of the Bank of England, had been closeted with him in a long and anxious consultation.

* * *

You know what this rise means to you—increased unemployment, worse business all round. And winter is at hand.

* * *

The rate *had* to be raised to stop the rest of the world bleeding the Bank of its gold reserves.

But so disastrous will be its results in industry that the Government will find some means to reduce it, even if this means the long-threatened and drastic enquiry into the whole policy and conduct of the Bank of England's affairs.

* * *

The thing is a matter of life and death to the Government. What's the use of resounding triumphs at The Hague and Washington if unemployment waxes, industry sags, and business stagnates?

Foreign policy will not feed hungry men.

Visibility good

The establishment of an Anglo-German Association to promote friendly relations between Great Britain and Germany and to secure a closer understanding is one of the happiest signs of the times.

The campaigners in both countries

General Sir Ian, one of "his lordship's vice-presidents"

are not cranky pacifists, but distinguished patriots.

Dr. Cuno, the former Chancellor, is President of the German branch, Lord Reading of the English branch, his lordship's vice-presidents including Viscount d'Abernon, Sir Robert Horne, Mr. H. A. L. Fisher, Mr. Philip Snowden and General Sir Ian Hamilton.

When men of all Parties and distinguished soldiers join hands in this fashion the peace of Europe seems far more certainly assured.

Anxious eyes in Whitehall

Events in Austria are moving both dangerously and quickly.

The mild Chancellor, Herr Streeruwitz, and his Cabinet have been virtually "turned out" by the Fascists, and Herr Schober, the Chief of Police, has occupied the Chancellorship.

He will be only a stopgap.

The Fascists and Socialists are determined on a pitched battle, and there is no authority strong enough to prevent it. The former are the more powerful, and when the struggle comes it is two to one that Austria will be turned over to Fascism.

Our Foreign Office is watching events with the deepest anxiety.

Oh, That Extra "Per Cent."!

Blind Eyes in Moscow

Police Accused

Pacific—and otherwise

We have reason to believe that Mr. MacDonald and Mr. Hoover are not confining their talks to matters already published.

One of the other questions discussed is the balance of power in the Pacific—a question which is complicated by the growing pretensions of Japan and the possibility that a powerful and stable State may arise in China out of the confusion.

Another is the question of American tariffs, concerning which several notes have passed between London and Washington recently.

Résumés of these and other questions likely to be touched on during his stay in Washington were called for by Mr. MacDonald from the Departments concerned.

Point-blank diplomacy

The unprecedented action of M. Dovgalevsky, the Soviet envoy, in issuing a public statement of his terms immediately on his arrival in London, and before he had met Mr. Henderson, has put the Government in a difficult position.

The Foreign Office is, nevertheless, leaving no stone unturned to devise a way out that will save the prestige of both parties.

Bad haters

There can be few parallels in history to the little scene that took place at Koenigstein when the 2nd Leicestershire Regiment left Germany for England.

Torrents of rain were falling, yet the population of the little village turned out in force to wave farewell and cheer the departing troops—"the friendly, pleasant and perfect gentlemen," as the local newspaper calls them.

Surely that is a striking tribute to a departing Army of Occupation. There is no passage in the history of this Empire in which we could feel a juster pride.

Percy for Paris?

Owing to the continued ill-health of Lord Tyrrell, our Ambassador in Paris, it is considered probable that before long the announcement of his resignation may be made.

Already Lord Eustace Percy has been mentioned as his successor.

Thousands of parents will remember Lord Eustace, and the sound work he did in the schools with the limited funds he was allowed by the Conservative Government.

He is well qualified for a high diplomatic appointment. Not only is he a splendid linguist, a member of one of the oldest families in the country,

"A pleasing personality"

but he is possessed of a particularly pleasing personality.

It is understood, too, that, although a lifelong Conservative, he is not unsympathetic to the foreign policy of Mr. MacDonald's Government.

His services should certainly not be wasted.

Offensive!

An intensive pro-Churchill campaign will be launched in the coming Parliamentary session.

Mr. Churchill is convinced there is only one fighting leader in the Opposition, and that is Winston Churchill. He has a definite plan of attack in mind, and the House will be treated to some brilliant fireworks. Behind him will be a small band of young Conservative snipers who have come to the conclusion that Baldwin is a back number.

Winston hopes to recruit moderate Liberals under his flag.

A Canadian threat

The Canadian wheat pool is still trying to hold up wheat supplies for higher prices.

It threatens to prevent practically any wheat leaving Canada unless its prices are paid.

We hope British millers will stand up against these methods.

If the wheat pool wins, British housewives will have to pay more for their bread.

Max aching

Russians usually wear spectacles. And even then they are short-sighted. Else they would not have served Lord Beaverbrook such a trick.

As you know, he was lately in Russia with his esteemed contributor, Mr. Arnold Bennett. But the full horror of the story has not until now been revealed.

It seems that his lordship discovered that the Royal Mail Steam Packet Company had chartered a special train to convey its passengers to Moscow.

Whereupon his lordship ordered a special carriage for himself, Mr. Bennett and their party. The carriage was forthcoming. But, alas! it was old, rickety, dirty and uncomfortable.

These things do make an impression on the sternest men, and we wager that his lordship's views on Russia are coloured—or stamped, rather—with the impression of that painful seat.

Buying the world

An investment Trust, called the Marine Midland Corporation, has just been formed in America.

It has the huge capital of £200,000,000, or a billion dollars, which will be used to finance enterprises at home and abroad.

This follows close upon the amalgamation of all the big film interests, which are flooding Britain with their talking-films.

Uncle Sam isn't conquering an Empire—he is merely investing in one.

More trouble

The City is now anxiously anticipating another crash nearly as serious as the Hatry crisis.

It may be averted, but it will be almost a miracle if it is.

Here again the trouble is group finance—a number of companies controlled by the same man.

It is high time there was a closer supervision of interlocking companies.

Protect the peeler

Now that the police forces of this country are re-establishing themselves in public confidence, judges and magistrates should take a firm stand against lawyers who try to break down prosecutions by making unmerited accusations against the police.

No matter how trivial such accusations may be, the wronged officers must always report fully to their superiors, after the case is over, their own version of the matter, and unpleasantness is often caused without any justification whatever.

The latest 'plane

Revolutionary developments in aeroplane design will take place if experiments which are now being conducted quietly in Germany prove successful.

The idea the German experimenters have in view is no less than to dispense entirely with fuselage and tail. That is to say, they propose to produce a flying wing.

The first experiments in this direction were carried out in the Taunus mountains with a motorless glider, and were entirely successful. The glider has since been fitted with a small engine and has made several flights.

A big push

The local Labour parties, actively assisted by headquarters, are preparing for more victories at the borough elections which are being held on November 1.

Labour already controls fourteen boroughs, including Sheffield, Derby and Barnsley. The Labour chiefs will be very disappointed if Leicester, Bradford, Hull, Liverpool and Stoke are not added to this list at the coming elections.

IF YOU SEE IT—(Continued)

Wanted—a seat

There is one member of the Government who is still looking for a Parliamentary seat—and in the political excitements of the past three months everybody seems to have forgotten about him.

This is Mr. Craigie Aitchison, K.C., the Lord-Advocate for Scotland. Neither Mr. Aitchison nor Mr. J. C. Watson, K.C., the Solicitor-General for Scotland, has seats in the House, and the position is an awkward one for the Government.

Mr. Watson is not likely to seek election, but an attempt will have to be

"Leading counsel for Oscar Slater"

made to find a seat for the Lord-Advocate. Unlike his colleague, Mr. Aitchison did contest a seat as a Labour candidate at the General Election, but he was beaten by Sir William Alexander in Central Glasgow.

The Lord-Advocate is the well-known Scottish criminal lawyer who was the leading counsel for Oscar Slater last year in his successful appeal against conviction for murder.

The larceny factory

The growing frequency with which postal officials are charged with theft points an ominous moral.

Although the Post Office makes a profit of over £8,000,000 a year, the staff is the lowest paid of any Government Department, as we will not weary of insisting.

If postmen received an adequate wage there would be less need for the elaborate system of spies and traps that is at present in operation.

Mothers can teach

A short time ago it was ordained that women teachers in elementary schools must retire on marriage. Sensible folk wondered at the folly of the order, and now the ban against married women teachers is to be partly lifted.

In a circular recently issued to local authorities by the Board of Education, a suggestion is made that when the school-leaving age is raised next April the shortage of teachers shall be met by retaining married women and, in suitable cases, recalling women teachers retired on marriage.

This is a move in the right direction. Married men and married women should receive exactly equal treatment.

Men must work . . .

Our fishermen who go down to the sea in ships never think about the risks.

Their wives, mothers and children do, and realise that each time they see their loved ones off on an expedition it may be for the last time.

A few people not identified with the fishing industry, and who live round the coast, are objecting to the sounding of sirens when the trawlers steam out on their cruise.

It has been the custom ever since trawlers were run by steam to play a farewell tune to the relatives gathered together on the quayside.

Perhaps it does cause a din, but only for a few minutes, and what is the cost and discomfort compared with the pleasure given to the anxious relatives smiling bravely behind the tears?

The Fleetwood Council has been very ill-advised to step in and order the stoppage of this "great nuisance."

What Damian did

Just one hundred years ago an Austrian musician named Damian invented the accordion, which is like the mouth-organ in its appeal to the poor, and he left a happy legacy for millions of tired men trapesing home from office, mill or factory.

Over in Paris there has been talk of celebrating his centenary, and even of going to the length of a monument. But the mandarins have now decided that the accordion is merely the organ of the poor—so why worry?

In Belgium, at Ostend, they pay him tribute weekly with a concert given by an accordion band of fifty to rich and poor alike.

That's better, after all, than an Epstein monument.

Parson withered

The following is a true account of a recent occurrence in a Northern town:

The body of a man was being interred in the cemetery. As the cortège wended its way through, and passed to what is called unconsecrated ground, the officiating clergyman pompously walked up to the stricken widow and said: "Do you know that this is not consecrated ground?"

"Carry on," she calmly replied: "it'll be consecrated enough when my man lies in it."

For cruelty's sake

We commend to the attention of the Board of Film Censors a film entitled "The Great Arctic Seal Hunt," in which the methods of Arctic hunters are shown in all their revolting cruelty.

No deprecation of the barbarous practice of clubbing animals to death is voiced in the captions.

This picture is being shown to picturegoers young and old. It is a degrading spectacle, against which parents should be on their guard.

The penal panel

Presumably he is not a panel doctor. For the medico we have in mind stated at the Lowestoft National Conference of Friendly Societies last week that "honesty and panel practice are incompatible." Another doctor said he had been compelled to "sell his panel practice."

Mr. A. Greenwood, Minister of Health, should overhaul

Plainly something is rotten in the state of the National Health Insurance Acts.

It is notorious that the costs of administration are as heavy as those of a flag-day, that the "approved societies" are making a fat profit, that doctors and chemists are underpaid, and that, unless in the matter of certificates of ill-health (which are ten a penny), patients are under-served.

An overhaul is overdue.

"Honour thy father"

Is that Commandment out of date? Not surely to the extent shown by the conduct of George Gustavius Streeton, of Linslade, Bucks.

He and his father, an old man of seventy-four, were each fined £3 or two months. The old man had only 2s. 3½d., and went to prison. The young man, who had £12. paid his own fine, and went free.

Sweet youth!

We told them so

When the Tory Government's Derating Bill was under discussion, we said that the total abolition of rates on agricultural land was simply a present to the landlords and that the tenant-farmers would not benefit.

That is precisely what is happening.

In all parts of the country farmers are complaining that landlords are taking advantage of the Derating scheme to increase rents. They do this in many subtle ways, but the result is always the same to the tenants.

We hope that the Chancellor of the Exchequer will devote some attention to the brigands in his next Budget.

Herself she cannot save

Pity the unfortunate nurses who become victims of the diseases with which their calling brings them into contact.

It might be supposed that these brave women would be a first charge on our charitable organisations. But that is apparently not the case.

A nurse who contracted tuberculosis at the Royal National Hospital for Consumption at Ventnor some years ago, and who has been continually ill since then, has been refused assistance by the National Fund for Nurses and by other organisations of the kind.

The homes maintained by these funds do not take tubercular cases. The unfortunate woman is now quite destitute.

Something wrong

A person injured by a motorist who is insured for third-party risks can claim compensation from the insurance company. But if the injured person dies before the claim is settled the company ceases further to countenance the claim, on the grounds that the claimant is dead.

In a recent case an insurance company withdrew an offer of £10, and refused even to meet the hospital costs of an injured woman who died after having put her claim forward.

This may be legal, but it is not nice.

His little bargain

A shocking story of the rapacity of a pawnbroker was told to the Dartford magistrates at the trial of a fifteen-year-old servant girl accused of stealing a gold watch.

The girl said that she found the watch, and gave it to her mother to take care of. The mother was "hard-up" and her husband was out of work, so she pawned it.

The watch was valued at £17 10s. according to police-court evidence. Yet an employee of the pawnbroker, P. O. Dale, of High Street, Erith, had the audacity to maintain that he thought 5s. was "fair value" for it.

Overdone tenderness

We shall not name the special case where a teacher has been fined for caning a scholar, for in that case the punishment may have been too severe.

But, on the whole, we deplore the tendency, encouraged by some magistrates, of summoning a schoolmaster whenever he thrashes a boy.

The tyrant in the school is a monster, and in the past there have been many Mr. Squeerses. But there are few to-day, and if we undermine the authority of the teacher he might as well go home and read Edgar Wallace.

Is that the end of it?

Olive May Carter, of Gilfach, deserves a bad time from somebody.

She was bound over after being charged with ill-treating her sister's illegitimate one-year-old child. The poor little thing had twenty-one weals on its body, some 9 in. long, all inflicted by a strap, of which the buckle-end had been used.

Carter stated that she lost her temper. If some mothers could get at her she'd lose more than that.

A blot

In spite of our protests, child slavery is still being tolerated under the British flag in Hong-Kong.

The system of owning little slaves by wealthy and middle-class people in Hong-Kong is difficult to eradicate, the local Government has tackled the problem in a half-hearted manner.

When a Hong-Kong woman was before a magistrate recently for keeping a child-slave, who had run away because of ill-treatment, she was fined only the equivalent of 50s.

In another case it was proved that a child-slave had been sold by a dealer for 175 dollars.

Bang went ten shillings!

We commend the following to the attention of Sir Josiah Stamp, of the London, Midland and Scottish Railway.

She "received a civic welcome"

In order to give a fillip to the local branch of the British Legion, Lady Haig recently visited Bangor, and received a civic welcome.

Employers were asked to give facilities to ex-Service men who wished to participate.

The employers readily agreed, but—*the London Midland & Scottish Railway Company made a deduction from the wages of the men who attended the function.*

The total thus deducted for worthless time lost to this great concern was the paltry sum of ten shillings.

The British Legion was obliged to refund it to the men.

They've had some

We gave first hints of the elaborate plans made by the sharepushers for a gigantic winter campaign. Special offices have now been opened in the provinces for this purpose.

The first reports that have been received during the past week-end, in response to preliminary feelers, are, however, not very encouraging.

The response shown by small investors has been very feeble, and suggests that the clergymen, widows, spinsters and retired Army officers who are the mainstay of the share-pushing industry, are becoming more and more cautious as a result of the happenings of the last few weeks in the City.

Black and white

It is now eight months since the Hilton Young Commission reported on the proposed federation, or closer union, of the various British territories in East and Central Africa.

No step has yet been taken by the Government in this matter, and indignation is increasing the uneasiness of the native populations and the white settlers in the colonies concerned.

The 26,000 Europeans in Uganda, Kenya, Tanganyika, Nyasaland and Northern Rhodesia are overwhelmingly outnumbered by natives. Whites and blacks have conflicting interests, and the political and economic development of these territories is a difficult problem.

But whatever is done the Government must safeguard the rights of the natives in their land, and prevent the unjust exploitation of black labour.

Petting a beast

Will country magistrates never treat the monstrous crime of assault on girl-children as rather more serious than petty pilfering?

When John Crawford, aged forty-five, appeared before the Leyland (Preston) Bench on a charge of assaulting a seven-year-old girl at Clayton-le-Woods, it was stated that he had been convicted on twelve previous occasions for similar offences, and that immediately before his thirteenth offence he was cautioned three times by the Chorley police.

Yet, notwithstanding this dastardly record, the Bench saw fit to let Crawford with a month's sentence.

CLEAN UP *the* STOCK EXCHANGE!

Stop Gambling with the Poor Man's Millions

by **NORMAN ANGELL**

The famous economist and financial expert

THE Hatry case is now *sub judice*—"under consideration"—and so, very properly by our law, cannot be discussed. But the Stock Exchange Committee is not *sub judice*, although it is certainly in another sense under consideration."

For the plain man is asking this obvious question: If it is possible to take the thoroughgoing measures which the Committee has taken (and for which it is rightly being applauded) now that the damage has been done and poor investors have lost their money, why was it not possible to exercise some of that great authority before the damage was done?

Why cannot the stable door be closed, sometimes, *before* the stable is empty?

Brain-splitting

ALTHOUGH it may be obscured by technicalities, which to the laymen are so brain-splitting, the situation is simply this:

Apart from the smaller number of cases in which there is definite fraud, it happens again and again that the public is induced to buy securities at prices extravagantly beyond their economic value. In a few months a security doubles or trebles in value and then suddenly falls back to less than its original price.

Only in a very small proportion of cases is there any change in the economic circumstances of the property for which the security stands—such as new mineral discoveries in the case of mines, or inventions or what-not in industrials—to justify the enormous variation of price.

It is a "market movement" again and again due to manipulations of various kinds, the starting of rumours, engineered publicity (in a word, the deception of the public.

While the frantic buying and selling goes on, the stockbrokers make enormous sums in commissions (for whoever wins or loses, the broker gains). When the collapse comes, the savings of a lifetime in thousands of cases go up in smoke, and not only does the investor lose, but the nation loses, a point too often overlooked.

Capital direly needed for genuine business and industrial development goes into the pockets of speculators.

The supposed powers of the small holders of ordinary or deferred shares are largely fiction. The voting power, by means of which those who hold this class of share are supposed by the law to control the business, is a complete myth so far as the small shareholder is concerned, but not at all a myth so far as financial manipulators are concerned.

The John Smiths are too scattered and too ignorant of the business to take any sort of collective action, and so manipulators are often able, even though they hold only a small proportion of the shares, to exercise control, to have dummy directors in their pockets.

In the past, legislation designed to protect the public has run up against certain difficulties, which is one of the reasons why the discretionary powers of bodies like the Stock Exchange Committee should be more effectively exercised.

Let us note the nature of the difficulty. John Smith holds a hundred deferred shares in Associated Hairpins. He thinks hairpins will go out of fashion and wants to sell. Brown has read that hairpins are coming back, that there is going to be a considerable boom in hairpins, and buys Smith's shares.

Certainly, it is not for the law, nor the Stock Exchange Committee, to say which is right, nor to intervene, even though the rumours of a coming hairpin boom send Hairpins Deferred skyrocketing, and a return to bobbed hair so brings them down that holders of Hairpins Deferred lose their money.

Has not Brown the right to buy Smith's property and Smith the right to sell? How can you protect Brown from his misjudgment of facts without a body of restrictive legislation which would grossly hamper legitimate business and the right to dispose of and acquire property?

If that were the whole story, it is little that law or the Stock Exchange could do. But, as everyone knows, it is not the whole of the story.

Associated Hairpins buys a patent; it forms a subsidiary company for its promotion; when the shares are issued a great "over-subscription" is announced; they go to a premium; a further company is formed for the exploitation of foreign rights in the patent.

Stealing control

HOLDING companies are formed in such a way that two or three men, though they do not own the shares, can control a dozen companies; buy and sell their shares; take decisions which will make the business of this or that company, and so its shares, worthless, and use their inside knowledge for their own enrichment at the cost of the investors.

Now, while the public cannot possibly follow these intricacies, expert bodies, such as the Stock Exchange might set up, can. Such bodies would be in a position to know that this or that much-trumpeted "over-subscription" was not an over-subscription at all; that by all sorts of devices in flotation, a fictitious value can be given to wild-cat shares.

It is within the power of the Stock Exchange Committee to suspend dealings; to refuse to grant a quotation. Such power is used at times, but only when the matter has reached the position of a scandal or a crisis.

Again and again, in the last year or two, the Stock Exchange has admitted to quotation shares of companies which have not only been widely speculative in character, but have not even complied with such laws as do exist for the protection of the public, like the law relating to the publication of accounts.

Violated and mocked

THE truth is, of course, that existing company law designed to protect the public has become in many respects a meaningless fiction.

But the Stock Exchange authorities have enormous discretionary powers. They are not compelled to give reasons for refusing a quotation, and are not, therefore, compelled to accept a purely formal or technical compliance with the law as adequate.

These discretionary powers permit a promptitude of action in protecting the public which, unfortunately, legislation, working through the more cumbrous apparatus of courts and lawyers, is often unable to give.

One is prompted to ask this question: Do the Stock Exchange authorities conceive themselves merely as a guild or trade union for the protection of the profits of individual members or as having responsibilities for the protection of the public?

It is, of course, often to the interest of individual brokers that speculation should be rife, because buying and selling means more commissions and fees. But it is certainly not in the interest of this body in the long run that it should become the instrument by means of which innocent folk are robbed and millions of the public's money is wasted every year.

Horrible insecurity

FURTHERMORE, the sense of the insecurity of savings which results from these failures discourages thrift, and so causes a loss of capital very much greater than the actual figures would indicate.

If savings are not secure, savings will not be made; our industry will lack the means of expansion—the means, that is, of employing the unemployed and lifting our country out of the slough of depression.

A great organisation like the Stock Exchange is not a merely private concern created for the protection of individual stockbrokers, any more than the Bank of England is a concern merely for making dividends for its private shareholders.

Such institutions in our day rightly tend to become what a modern economist has called "public concerns," in the sense in which the Bank of England is such.

The Governor of the Bank of England is not thinking mainly of his shareholders when he decides his policy. So long as they have a moderate conventional dividend, his job is to devise a policy which shall promote the business of the country as a whole.

Something of this public spirit has entered into other concerns which began as mere private enterprises, such concerns as Lloyd's and the Port of London Authority. The Stock Exchange must conceive its business in the same spirit, and supplement the clumsiness of legislation by the use of wide discretionary powers.

By a co-operation of legislator, educator and public authority like the Stock Exchange Committee, we may perhaps be able to prevent losses which not only cause immeasurable individual misery, but are a grave detriment to national prosperity.

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS

MOPPING UP THE OCEAN

A Tip for Thomas—Call Off Irish Vendettas—Beast's Story, by Himself

Lt.-Col. WILFRID ASHLEY M.P.,
Gayfere House, Smith Square, S.W.

DEAR SIR,—I seem to remember you as a Minister of Transport in those far-off days before the flood rose and swallowed up the Conservatives.

Now you reappear from some ark as the chairman of an Anti-Socialist and Anti-Communist Union, which is arranging a stupendous anti-Labour programme of winter lectures.

At these soulful meetings, old women of both sexes are to gather, while vintage Tories make their flesh creep with tales of Labour depravity.

You are like Dame Partington, my dear Lieut.-Colonel. She tried, most valiantly, to repulse the mounting waters of the Atlantic Ocean with her mop.

The ocean won. JOHN BULL.

The Right Hon. J. H. THOMAS, M.P.,
Lord Privy Seal

DEAR THOMAS,—Here's a tip for your employment-providing experts.

Market-gardeners, farmers, groundsmen, allotment-holders—and even the chaps who do a little with their back-garden patches—are crying out for water, and getting not a drop.

Six months in the year this land is pretty well a swamp. So couldn't 100,000 good fellows who can't find jobs be kept busy and happy building all the new reservoirs we so badly need to keep us moist and green in times of drought?

Don't be put off by Metropolitan Water Board excuses. Get down to it, and start to build the reservoirs at once.

JOHN BULL.

Master DEREK WARNE,
Wilson Place, Knightsbridge

DEAR DEREK,—I have seen it on the films, but I scarcely expected to hear of it in real life.

Left alone in the basement of the house, you heard noises upstairs and found four burglars ransacking the place. You tackled them single-handed, like a real-life Ronald Colman.

Of course, they overpowered you and knocked you unconscious; but it was a glorious effort for a boy of fourteen.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. JOHN CLIFF,
Transport Workers' Union

DEAR MR. CLIFF,—Our hearts go with you on your trip to India to serve as the British Trade Union representative on the Royal Commission on Labour there.

It is a tremendous problem, and the solution we British find for it will fix the verdict of history on the value of our rule to the people of India.

I look to you to put the point of view of the common people of England, not so familiar with Indian conditions as you are, but equally resolved that the half-starved Indian workers shall have a fair deal. JOHN BULL.

PRESIDENT COSGRAVE,
Irish Free State

DEAR SIR,—Don't you think the time has come for a slight display of magnanimity towards the Southern Irish who were loyal to England? It isn't a question of who was right and who wrong. History will decide that.

But you won, and you can afford to forget and forgive. And believe me, if you want to build up a great nation, you'll have to. Vendettas eat into the bone. JOHN BULL.

THE CITY FATHERS,
Leicester

SIRS,—I quite see that, while Mr. Ramsay MacDonald was M.P. for Leicester, and even when his candidature was rejected by a five-figure majority, he was not famous enough to be invited to accept the freedom of Leicester.

But it strikes me that the town which hounded him out of his seat, and bespattered him with insulting epithets, is not exactly the one which should rush forward to honour him now when all men praise him from Land's End to Lossiemouth.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. ROBERT NICHOLS,
Yew Tree House, Winchelsea

DEAR SIR,—It is too bad that Mr. Frank William Davis should have stated that the broadcast of some of your "miserable" poetry had driven his wife to suicide. And it is absurd that the Press should have given so much attention to the raving of a poor woman half-demented with her private sorrows.

Good poetry, however "miserable," only stimulates the hearer, and bad poetry, however joyous, only bores.

At one time penny dreadfuls, and now the films, have been given as a cause of juvenile crime; and that was as silly as this attack on you.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. OLIVER BALDWIN, M.P.,
Farm House, Shirburn, Oxon.

DEAR OLIVER,—So now you are fed up with the leaders of the Labour Party, because they show no signs of the "Socialist spirit."

The truth is, my young fire-eater, the Cabinet has discovered, as your own honest father did, that government must be an eternal conflict of anxious compromise, blighted hopes, and grinding, hard work.

I only hope your criticism doesn't reach the Premier's ears. I know it would spoil his American trip. He might even resign on reading it.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. P. A. BEST,
Chairman, Drapers' Chamber of Trade

DEAR SIR,—Splendid! You, who are an authority, tell us that all drapers know it is *impossible* to produce a fadeless dye.

Consequently, following upon your council's acceptance of a committee's recommendation that when a fabric is sold as fadeless the word should have its *literal* meaning, without limit or qualification, I expect to see the word disappear completely from shop windows and sale catalogues.

I offer you my undying approval of the vigorous action you are now bound to take.

JOHN BULL.

Nurse S. A. STUBBS,
Middlesbrough Road, Coventry

DEAR NURSE,—When the train in which you were travelling in France some weeks ago met with disaster you worked for hours tending your fellow-passengers, and accomplished marvels, although you had no first-aid equipment or clean water. And then, your work completed, you slipped away.

The French shrugged their shoulders at your modesty. "She is English," they said.

But I think that in their hearts they felt some of the admiration for you which I feel, and which I am at last able to express to you now that I have found out your name.

JOHN BULL.

ALEISTER CROWLEY,
Somewhere in London

UNPLEASANT PERSON,—I have just read the prospectus of the six volume of autobiography, which you have prevailed on some obscure publisher to put out for you, at two guineas a volume.

Even the prospectus is nauseating, so that the actual work will certainly be a contamination like an open sewer.

Although the price is high, filth filters down, so I invite the attention of the Home Secretary to your little effort.

If his predecessor put down the "Well of Loneliness," how much more should Mr. Clynes suppress your shameful life story the moment it is published.

Your utter depravity is proved by the fact that you now boast yourself as an erotic maniac, "magician" and crucifier of toads.

JOHN BULL.

STRAIGHT *from the Shoulder*

MR. HOWARD SALMON: "In no country in the world is there a better supply of food at reasonable retail prices than in this country."

Agreed; but in few countries is there such a dearth among poor people of money to buy it.

* * *

VISCOUNT CECIL: "Disarmament is the only direct and positive safeguard to prevent the outbreak of war."

Unfortunately, while nations have the will to war, they will always find a way.

* * *

DUKE OF NORTHUMBERLAND: "The masses are infinitely happier in a material sense than they were a hundred years ago, but it is not the form of government which has made them so."

Not the form of government, but the spirit of legislation.

* * *

MISS ELLEN WILKINSON: "Should married women work?"

Not if they can afford a butler, housekeeper, cook, and two chambermaids.

The Sentence of the Court

Charabancs and Brays

disturb a savant's solitude

TO a charge of snobbery with violence Sir Joseph Thomson, F.R.S., Master, Trinity College, Cambridge, gloomily pleaded "not guilty."

"We are told," said Mr. Watchdog, K.C., "that a noise annoys an oyster, but not more than a row arouses a highbrow. Carlyle, preaching the gospel of silence in forty volumes, was an 'also-spoke' compared with the accused demanding quietness at the top of his voice.

"Sir Joseph recently spent a holiday in the Lake District, which may inspire the remark that some people have all the luck.

"But his complaint is that in these deplorably democratic days the luck is too widely distributed, for throughout his holiday of three weeks he was annoyed by people in charabancs whose holiday only extended to three hours.

"'One of the great charms of the lakes was their peacefulness,' he sorrowfully informs the world; 'but there is no peacefulness there now. In a short walk I encountered twenty charabancs from Blackpool, six from Morecambe, and several from other towns.'

"Was he delighted to find so many of his fellow-citizens enjoying the charms of fresh air and lovely scenery? Not a bit of it! He regarded these visitors as a 'nuisance,' and fears that Lakeland is becoming hopelessly vulgarised.

"Joseph and his brethren are not clear as to what precisely should be done; but possibly they would be satisfied with proclamations bringing charabancs under the Noxious Weeds Act and directing that no person shall be allowed to cross the Lakeland frontier who is not a member of a West End club or the owner of a car valued at £800."

* * *

Mr. Strawsplitter said that it was questionable whether a number of people to whom cheap travelling facilities were now available were capable of appreciating the beauties of Nature when brought into contact with them.

To expect charabanc trippers to find in the Lake District the enjoyment it had afforded cultivated men like Wordsworth and Sir Joseph was like expecting an habitual beer-drinker to appreciate a vintage wine. The charabanc classes would feel more at home at Blackpool or Southend.

* * *

"I only wish," said Mr. Justice Bull, "that people who talk about preserving

the beauty of the countryside were equally anxious to abolish the ugliness of the slums. Also, I suspects that the avowed desire to 'preserve' certain beauty spots sometimes amounts to a wish to make them close preserves.

"The charabanc has made it possible for Englishmen to learn something of England. Die-hards are not but resentful anxious to set up artificial barriers to divide 'visitors' from mere 'trippers.'

"The difference between visiting sites and tripping goats is one of those subtle distinctions I have never been able to grasp.

"But I gather that a person who makes a one-day trip in a Rolls-Royce is a 'visitor,' while a visitor who arrives at his holiday destination in a charabanc is a 'tripper.'

"Since the prisoner is such a believer in peace, perfect peace, he cannot reasonably object to a sentence of perpetual detention at a summer boarding-house for the duration of the winter."

Next BIG CITY CRASH

WE have repeatedly denounced the appalling apathy of the authorities in permitting hundreds of public companies to drift to disaster.

There is, unhappily, every indication that the situation is growing steadily worse, and there is no doubt that the Board of Trade and the Public Prosecutor's department are largely to blame for failing to enforce the company laws.

Let us, in passing, refer to the five "Blue Bird" company ventures of Francis Lorang, the absconding financier who is now in his native Luxemburg.

Had the Board of Trade exercised its powers under the Companies Acts on the failure of the very first of the five companies to deliver its accounts, Lorang would have been unable to keep the true position from his shareholders, and at least three of his succeeding companies, involving more than a million of money, would never have been floated.

Powerless prosecutor

As far back as January last a firm of solicitors made it clear to Sir Archibald Bodkin, the Public Prosecutor, that ample evidence existed to justify prosecution against Lorang.

What was Sir Archibald's attitude?

He agreed that there certainly seemed justification for the suggestion that money had been obtained from the shareholders by misrepresentation.

But he regretted that he had no power to intervene, as the question of prosecution under the Companies Acts rested with the Board of Trade.

Disaster after disaster might be averted but for the Board of Trade's extraordinary reluctance to enforce the provisions of the Companies Acts, which make it an offence for directors to avoid publishing their accounts and holding proper meetings.

Consider a few glaring examples.

In November, 1927, a company called British Brunswick, Ltd., went to the public for a quarter of a million pounds. Its object was the manufacture and sale of gramophone records.

A distinguished board of directors included Count Herbert Anthony de Bosdari, of Tufton Street, Westminster, the handsome young nobleman of Italian extraction whose romantic love affairs with actresses have brought him several times before the public eye.

The Count held the responsible position of managing director, and at the time the money was being appealed for much was made of the fact that the company had obtained exclusive gramophone concessions from the famous Brunswick Balke Callander Company of America.

Clergymen and spinsters

Over £200,000 was very soon put up by a huge number of shareholders, which included clerks, clergymen, doctors, widows, spinsters and retired Civil Servants.

Many of these parted with their savings solely on the directors' prediction that the first year's trading would yield a net profit of £100,000, and on the added attraction of Count de Bosdari's name.

That was in November, 1927. What is the position to-day, nearly two years later?

Not a single account has been rendered as required by law, not one general meeting has been held.

Yet the Board of Trade, which could have taken action many months ago, has done nothing, and the shareholders are completely ignorant of what has happened to their money.

For months past shareholders who have enquired for information at the company's offices have been stalled off with vague excuses.

Six months ago the directors stated definitely that the preparation of its accounts up to December, 1928, had been in progress for some time, while it was also announced that important business developments were likely to mature shortly to the great advantage of the shareholders.

He stays mum

Nothing more has been heard of the company's accounts or the "important business developments" to this day.

What has Count Anthony de Bosdari to say to these grave facts?

Not a word.

He has not been seen at the company's headquarters for a long time past, and latterly he has been on a prolonged Continental holiday, safe from unpleasant and worrying callers.

In his absence, let us examine one or two facts regarding the present position of the Brunswick company.

The Count was managing director of British Brunswick, Ltd., during its existence as a private concern, and a year before it was floated as a public company.

When, just prior to the public issue, the auditors, Messrs. Deloitte, Plender, Griffiths and Co., examined the existing assets in order to give a certificate for embodiment in the £250,000 prospectus, they encountered a number of difficulties.

They found, for example, that although the company had been in existence for twelve months, no balance-sheet had been submitted to shareholders.

The books of the company, when submitted for the auditors' inspection, were in such an incomplete state that they had to press for a number of adjustments before they could obtain any idea of the true position.

Even then, in spite of information furnished by the Count and his co-directors, they could not satisfy themselves regarding the value of the assets, or decide whether certain debts shown as owing to the company were either due or recoverable.

In the circumstances, they finally adopted the figures supplied to them on the verbal assurances of the then chairman and managing director, Count de Bosdari.

These figures showed that £11,000 had been "written off" as expenditure incurred in bringing the company to a profitable position. £8,000 had also been spent on advertising and "research work."

Yet a "profit" of £10,028 was shown as having been earned in less than twelve months.

Nevertheless, according to the copy of the prospectus filed at Somerset House, one of the principal reasons for the £250,000 flotation was to enable the company to pay back £70,000 that it had borrowed from its bankers and from other sources!

Still waiting

Complicated finance of this character, in view of subsequent events, should certainly give shareholders food for thought as to why the accounts of this £250,000 company are two years overdue, and also as to why they are still waiting for news of the first year's estimated profits of £100,000.

Let us go a step further. The valuable concessions which were to be exploited were obtained, as stated, from the Prunswick Balke Callendar Company of America.

Moreover, this American company is quarrelling with British Brunswick, Ltd., for it has taken the drastic course of threatening to obtain winding-up petitions against it in the courts.

Also, last January another winding-up petition was presented against British Brunswick, Ltd., by an advertising agency, but was dismissed upon arrangements being made to pay this creditor in full.

Come back, Count!

In the circumstances, we appreciate the grave agitation amongst shareholders who think that Count Anthony de Bosdari should return to this country at once and help to elucidate the company's tangled finances—particularly as five of its associated concerns are also behind with their accounts.

The present chairman of British Brunswick, Ltd., is Mr. Dalton Parsons, of Clarges Street, Piccadilly, W.

Count de Bosdari maintains that he is no longer managing director of the company, and, having resigned months ago, does not see how he can be expected to help matters in the present crisis.

Mr. Parsons, on the other hand, states that, although it is true that the Count tendered his resignation, the Board has refused to accept it.

Why was his resignation refused?

The answer to this urgent question rests with Count de Bosdari.

What has he to say? Will he come forward now?

• • •

Another company, selected at random from some scores before us, against which the Board of Trade could have taken action long ago is Bolivia Concessions, Ltd.

This concern has amongst its directors the Rt. Hon. Lord Askwith, whose company activities have been subjected to comment in these columns so often.

We have already criticised the company for the way it induced investors to go out to Bolivia to find themselves faced with terrible privations—but that is another story.

Tart auditors

Although it was formed as far back as 1926, it has issued only one balance-sheet, which, made up to the summer of 1927, contains some unpleasant remarks from the auditors.

More than £200,000 is at stake in this company, and shareholders are growing very restive as to what has happened during the last two and a quarter years.

• • •

The first and only account showed that practically all the company's cash resources had been swallowed up by the summer of 1927.

In view of the long period which has since elapsed, we strongly urge shareholders to band themselves together and demand a frank explanation at once.

Although we could continue with instance after instance where millions of money could be saved if the Board of Trade did its duty under the Companies Acts, we have said enough to justify our contention that the scandal is one of the gravest national importance, worthy of the early consideration of Parliament.

Mr. Lorang, "the absconding financier"

Sir Archibald Bodkin and his wig. "He agreed that there seemed to be justification"

Count de Bosdari, hat in hand. "What has he to say?"

Lord Askwith, "whose company activities have been subjected to comment so often"

New Hair Grown by "RADIO-ACTIVITY"

LATEST TRIUMPH OF THE WORLD'S MOST WONDERFUL PHENOMENON

Hair Growth Replaces Baldness and Grey Hair Regains Normal Colour

The Discovery **of the remarkable effect of Radio-Activity upon Hair Growth is considered so important that arrangements have been made for a Free Supply of a Wonderful Radio-Active Tonic Hair Dressing to be sent to every reader of "John Bull" who is Bald or Grey or whose hair is falling or otherwise impaired. All that is necessary is to fill in and forward the special "John Bull" form below.**

The Wonders of Scientific Discovery never cease. The latest announcement is that Radio-Activity, the world's greatest phenomenon, has now been applied to the homely but very necessary process of growing hair for those who are bald or whose hair is commencing either to fall or go grey. The detriment of loss of hair and premature greyness is all too real in these days when youth, or at any rate youthful appearance, counts for so much socially and in every class of occupation.

Therefore it is indeed good news to learn that Baldness can be definitely remedied by the agency of Radio-Activity.

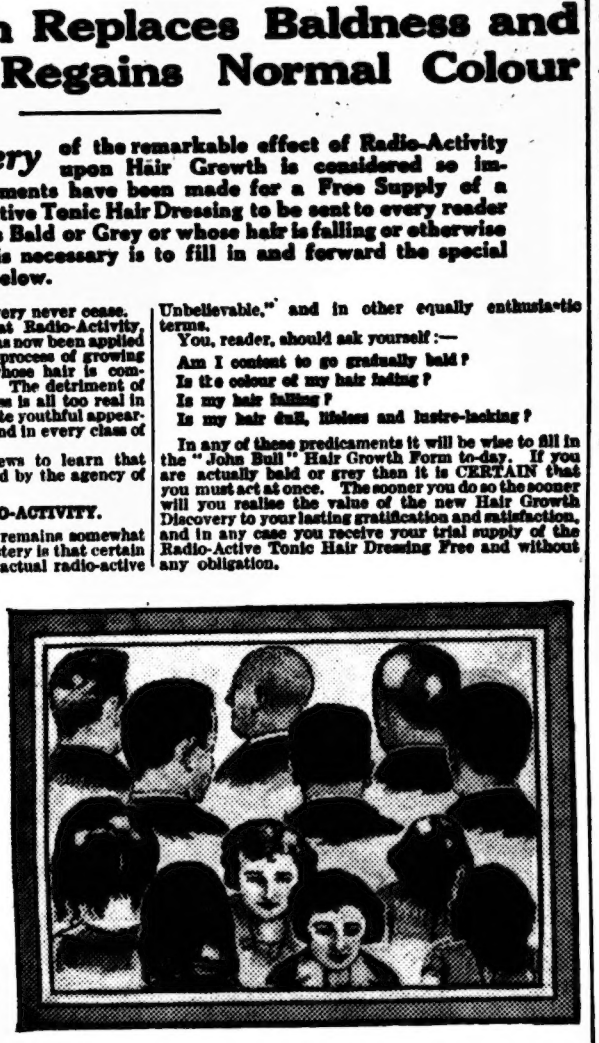
THE MYSTERY OF RADIO-ACTIVITY.

Exactly what Radio-Activity is remains somewhat of a mystery, but what is not a mystery is that certain Spa Waters in this country have actual radio-active effect upon the human system and upon the Hair and Scalp in particular. Fortunately it can now be stated that there are very few people who need despair of renewing their youthful appearance, at any rate so far as their hair is concerned.

Even instances of 20 years' or more baldness have responded to a short course of simple home applied treatment, a main feature of which has been the use of certain preparations made up with and based upon the radio-active principles of British Spa Water. The cost of this Radio-Active treatment is quite small, in fact, less than paid for the continued use of ordinary hair tonics.

Colour has been restored in hundreds of cases of grey-haired folk at such ages as 60, 70, and even older.

Such hair troubles as Falling Hair, Scurf, Greasy Scalp, Patchy Baldness and others seem to disappear like magic under this new form of treatment.



MOST IMPORTANT HAIR GROWTH DISCOVERY OF MODERN TIMES.

So important is the discovery that special arrangements have been made for readers of "John Bull" the state of whose hair is not all that is to be desired to have sent to them at once and free of charge a supply of Radio-Active Tonic Dressing for the Hair which all can use with advantage.

The man to whom the credit is due for the discovery of the radio-active hair growing method is Mr. Frederick Godfrey, of Matlock Bath, who for some years has been recognised as the leading consultant in all matters connected with Hair Troubles and Hair Growth.

RECORD TO BE PROUD OF.

It is his proud record that no less than 100,000 people during the last two years have benefited by his discoveries and work.

Now all his previous achievements are surpassed by this latest and greatest Hair Growing Discovery.

No one need go on worrying about the condition of their hair (no matter how many disappointments they may have experienced in the past). All they have to do is to write and take advantage of the offer set forth below. As well as sending the free gift of the Radio-Active Tonic Dressing for the Hair, Mr. Godfrey will give certain advice which can be followed at quite small cost, but will ensure hair benefit to a surprising degree. Many who have followed this advice describe the results as "Marvellous," "Miraculous," "Almost Unbelievable," and in other equally enthusiastic terms.

You, reader, should ask yourself:—

Am I content to go gradually bald?
Is the colour of my hair fading?
Is my hair falling?
Is my hair dull, lifeless and lustre-lacking?

In any of these predicaments it will be wise to fill in the "John Bull" Hair Growth Form to-day. If you are actually bald or grey then it is CERTAIN that you must act at once. The sooner you do so the sooner will you realise the value of the new Hair Growth Discovery to your lasting gratification and satisfaction, and in any case you receive your trial supply of the Radio-Active Tonic Hair Dressing Free and without any obligation.

Besides the all too familiar loss of Hair at temples and crown of head there is a variety of scalp conditions in which Radio-Activity has proved its value. A few of these are depicted above. Everyone whose Hair is in any way deficient in quantity or colour should immediately write for the Free supply of Wonderful Radio-Active Tonic Hair Dressing and Specialist's advice, available to readers of "John Bull" by simply filling and forwarding the form printed below.

WORLD-WIDE WELCOME FOR ALL BRITISH HAIR GROWTH ACHIEVEMENT

From all corners of the world glowing tributes to this All-British Hair Growth Discovery are being received.

In INDIA, where Hair Troubles are most rife and most difficult to combat owing to climatic conditions, members of the Reigning Houses are numbered amongst those who have, after testing it, acclaimed the new method enthusiastically.

From **NEW ZEALAND** come a number of reports of which the following is typical: "Almost bald patches now hardly noticeable. Hair soft and glossy."

AUSTRALIA provides equally enthusiastic tributes. "New hair growing nicely where once bald."

SOUTH AFRICA: "Hair thick and glossy and no longer falling out."

SUDAN: "Is giving satisfaction and working wonders."

HOLLAND: "New hair growing rapidly. Bald places covered with strong hair."

In addition to the above, hundreds of others from all over England have written in similarly enthusiastic terms.

THIS COUPON ENTITLES YOU TO FREE SUPPLY OF RADIO ACTIVE TONIC HAIRDRESSING

JOHN BULL

5th October, 1929.

Please post me Free Supply of Radio-Active Tonic Hair Dressing and Special Advice.

My Hair Trouble is .....

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

.....

Post this Form Direct to **F. GODFREY, J.B. Special Offer Department, WHATSTANDWELL, MATLOCK, DERBYSHIRE.**

Enclose two 1½d. stamps (value 3d.) towards cost of postage and packing.

BARRY'S AUTUMN PATTERNS NOW READY

SUIT OR OVERCOAT MADE TO YOUR SPECIAL MEASURES FROM £2:2:

FINEST VALUE IN THE WORLD

The BARRY SUIT or OVERCOAT at £2:2:0 challenges comparison with any costing double the price elsewhere.

SEND for FREE PATTERNS

for suit or overcoat or both. The range is wider and choicer than ever. Our Self-measure Chart is simplicity itself—and error proof. Handsome Fashion Brochure is sent with every set of patterns.

OUR UNPARALLELED GUARANTEE

We forfeit 2/6 more than you pay if we fail to fit you perfectly.

CALL OR WRITE.

Those calling may be measured in our Showrooms.

JACK HOBBS (The Famous Cricketer) **Dressed by BARRY.**

Or by "Cash on Delivery" System if Preferred.

GABARDINE DETACHABLE WOOL LINING CHECK LINING OIL-SKIN.

IN NAVY BLUE OR FAWN.

Cash refunded if not approved.

BETTER THAN EVER
THE MOST TRUSTWORTHY STORM COAT ON THE MARKET
THE FAMOUS BARRICO
(THE ABSOLUTELY GENUINE OFFICERS 4-in-1 MODEL)

30/- POST PAID | **OR WITHOUT FLEECE LINING 25/6**

Everybody should invest in a Barrico, the new and improved raincoat which may be relied on in every climatic emergency. Why not seize this special offer and procure yours at this advantageous price? Every coat is fitted with detachable wool lining, and the famous Norsark oil-skin, which renders the garment impervious to rain, sleet or hail. Ideal in all weathers Free of all rubber, hygienic and odourless.

Post us your remittance for 30/- or 25/6 for this ideal Coat, giving us your height and size round chest, over waistcoat, stating whether BLUE or FAWN SHADE is PREFERRED.

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OUR ONLY ADDRESS. WE HAVE NO BRANCHES.

Catarrh BRONCHITIS, ADENOIDS, TONSILS &c.
can be successfully treated at home by my method. Allow no operations on nose or throat before reading my booklet—sent free. Enclose 1½d. for postage. Consultations daily. 'Phone Langham 3240. Advice by post.
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Save boot bills — wear Segs STUDS 2d PER CARD.

"KIDNAPPED" GRANNY—

Fantastic Story

AT the age of eighty-seven most of us would expect our lives to become fairly uneventful. But Mrs. E. M. Spreckley, a dear old lady of that age, o lives with her son-in-law at Stam-rd Lodge, Hayling Island, has not und this so.

A few months ago she was taken m home there; and a few months er she was dumped back on Hayling and like a returned package, and t marooned outside a locked-up office an isolated part of the island.

In the interval a great many im-rtant people, ranging from police iefs to a Master in Chancery, had gun to take a close interest in her elfare.

The explanation of these strange ppenings forms an astounding story. For six years Mrs. Spreckley lived peaceful life with her married ughter at Stamford Lodge. Then e day there arrived a letter from r bank, demanding the settlement of long-standing overdraft.

A letter the cause

This letter was the cause of the sub-quent strange events. The amount the overdraft was about £200; and clear off this amount Mrs. Spreckley cided to sell some property which e possessed at Bournemouth.

Her son-in-law was commissioned to rry through the deal. He arranged e necessary details, and found a pur-aser; but at the last moment he de-ded that some nearer relative had tter complete the deal.

He therefore approached the old dy's son, who is a chemist in busi-ss in Bournemouth, and asked him settle the matter, especially as he ed on the spot.

This man, whose name is Alfred Spreckley, agreed to do so, and the sale went forward.

The amount realised was about £700. The bank overdraft was paid off, but Mr. Spreckley saw no reason to render an account of the balance.

The son-in-law wrote to him on the matter, and after being told to mind his own business he invoked the aid of a solicitor, who demanded a state-ment of account.

Then life began to be really exciting for old Mrs. Spreckley.

The solicitor's letter was followed by a visit from her son, who drove over from Bournemouth one day, ac-companied by his daughter.

Carried off

Whilst he held the son-in-law in a conversation, which we understand was by no means amicable, his daughter asked granny "to come for a ride round the island."

She went.

An hour or so afterwards Mr. Spreckley casually informed his brother-in-law that that was the last he would see of her, and following this information he also departed.

The old lady had been taken to her son's home in Bournemouth, and all enquiries were met by the answer that she was "quite comfortable" and that the matter was closed.

But by now the son-in-law was thoroughly annoyed; and he made an application to the Master in Chancery to have a Receiver appointed to ad-minister Mrs. Spreckley's estate owing to her extreme age and incapacity to transact business.

The son made strenuous efforts through his legal representatives to get himself appointed Receiver; but event-

Mrs. Spreckley, and Sir Charles Hulbert, Chief Master, Chancery Division, whose department is investi-gating this weird story

"The old lady's son, who is a chemist"

ually the Master decided on an im-partial appointment and a local estate-agent was delegated for the work.

This man, acting in his official capa-city, at once formally demanded that the money should be handed over to him, together with a statement of account.

Mrs. Spreckley's son, of course, com-plied with the demand.

But, at the same time, he, appar-ently, decided that, if he was not to have the handling of her estate, he could dispense with his mother's pre-sence.

His next step, therefore, was to drive the aged lady back to Hayling Island, and to deposit her on a seat outside the locked-up office of the Receiver.

When this man came to his office in the afternoon, he found the old lady sitting there, bewildered and alone, with a note tucked into her pocket in which her son curtly consigned his mother to the Receiver's care.

Under his powers the Receiver could only send her to the workhouse. But when her son-in-law was informed of this, he immediately insisted on having the old lady back in his home.

There Mrs. Spreckley remains, where perhaps she will be able to live out the rest of her days in peace. Owing to her great age, she is fortunately ignorant of the full implications of her son's treatment of her.

Brazen impudence

As a final point in this sorry record of a son's strange behaviour, we dis-covered that in his statement of ac-count to the Receiver he had actually charged up the motor-car expenses for the carrying-off of his mother.

We understand that a Master in Chancery is enquiring further into this case, and that interesting develop-ments can be expected shortly

LOCK THEM UP

to keep them out of jail!

PERHAPS the most pathetic of all war sufferers are those whose minds were so tortured by their experiences at the front that ey have been prey to intermittent sanity ever since.

Yet, in many cases, the attitude of e authorities towards such men is arsh and unhelpful.

Take the case of Captain H. B. Tubb, ho was wounded in the jaw, and who s been mentally unbalanced ever nce. It is eleven years since the war, t when Tubb was X-rayed this mmer five fragments of lead were own to be still lodged in his tongue! He was scheduled for an operation; t escaped from the institution in lisbury to which he had been sent d wandered aimlessly through the untry, his mind in a turmoil.

The sequel to his escape was played t at Salisbury County Sessions, where aptain Tubb was brought up on a harge of obtaining food and lodging false pretences at a Wilton hotel.

He was sentenced to six months' im-prisonment, and collapsed in the dock upon hearing the magistrates' decision.

It is scandalous that a gallant officer, broken in the war, should be sent to jail in this fashion; and doubly so since Tubb was acquitted of two simi-lar charges at Brighton in 1926.

Tubb's own behaviour warned the authorities three years ago that he was sometimes not responsible for his actions. He should have been placed under observation at the time, and prison is plainly not the place for him.

* * *

Another pitiful and similar case is that of a young soldier named Harold William Manning, who was severely wounded in the head by shrapnel in the first months of the war.

In 1918, having seen service in India, Mesopotamia, Palestine and Egypt (in the course of which he contracted malaria and was wounded again), his mind collapsed, and he took to a vagrant life.

Notwithstanding his war record, he was hauled up by the military authori-ties as a deserter and sentenced to two years' imprisonment.

Prison could not provide him with the care he so urgently needed. In-deed, on his release he again took to haphazard wandering, and was con-victed on three occasions for such offences as the theft of bicycles.

* * *

Manning then married and seemed to recover his mental stability for a time. In 1924 he was befriended by a gentleman, who had him examined and secured a pension for him in respect of his head wounds.

In 1926, however, he was sent to jail for eleven months by Sir Ernest Wild, K.C., for uttering a worthless cheque. It is significant that at his trial Sir Ernest observed that he was sorry that he had no power to deal otherwise with Manning.

A year or so later Manning stole two parcels of old clothing, and was again sent to prison. After that he was acquitted of a charge of stealing two pairs of ladies' shoes.

A doctor who has had Manning under close observation since 1924 is convinced that his brain is perma-nently damaged.

A well-known specialist has diag-nosed his case as "injury to the middle brain." An X-ray examina-tion made a few years ago re-vealed pressure of the skull on the brain. He is also officially assessed by the Ministry of Pensions as being 80 per cent. disabled.

In view of these facts, why is he not being properly cared for?

What on earth is the use of leav-ing this poor fellow to run foul of the law in this fashion when there is such very strong evidence to show that he is to be pitied rather than blamed?

The problem of men of this unhappy class should be sympathetically tackled by the authorities, who have shirked their duty far too long.

AGE 16 TO 45

I WANT YOU.

LET ME BE

YOUR FATHER.

I want you to realise that I have helped thousands of people to qualify for and obtain good positions. Our gigantic connection brings us in touch with all the big employers, therefore, although we do not undertake the work of an employment agency, we certainly do know where the demand exceeds the supply. If you think you are in a rut, or if advancement seems slow, write to me, telling me your age, past experience, present employment, and anything else that may help, and I will tell you what chances there are; if they are suitable for you, and if so, how you may attain your objective.

IT COSTS NOTHING TO ENQUIRE.

We have full particulars in connection with any of the following courses, or special courses can be combined to meet all requirements. We specialise in preparation for all examinations; most moderate fees, payable monthly.

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WE TEACH BY POST IN ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD.

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SECRETS OF SUCCESS.

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The BENNETT COLLEGE, Ltd.,
Dept. 31, SHEFFIELD.

The Bennett College
ESTAB. 1900
DEPT., 31.

"John Bull" Guarantee.

EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee.

All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test which have been approved by our experts are marked—In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.

Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona-fides of all advertisements in "John Bull." Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull" and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

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(Any number of Records you choose)
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WEEKLY

Every reader of "John Bull" who writes for my FREE GRAMOPHONE CATALOGUE within Seven Days, will receive a BEAUTIFUL BOUND ALBUM and NEW RECORDS FREE OF CHARGE with any Gramophone, which I send on 14 Days' Approval, Carriage Paid. Lowest easy payment terms.

Testimonials from everywhere.

WRITE NOW AND SEE THE WONDERFUL OFFERS I AM MAKING.

Chas. T. Robey Ltd.
THE WORLD'S PROVIDER, DEPT. 3 COVENTRY.

Corns removed, Roots and all

A tooth cannot ache after it is out. Neither can a corn ache after it has been removed by Radox. Tackle a corn in the Radox way and you get rid of the root itself. Cutting and plastering are half-measures and often dangerous. Pleasantly, painlessly and safely Radox *removes* corns, root and all. Read this letter:

"I have obtained wonderful relief from Radox Bath Salts. Twelve months ago I had a very painful festered corn, and nothing else I ever used did it any good. After the first footbath with Radox all the intense pain and soreness disappeared, and the second bath brought the root of the corn right out. I have become a regular Radox user and would not be without a packet for anything. A good Radox foot-bath twice a week keeps my feet in the most perfect condition with never a sign of returning corns."

M. N.

When you put your feet into a foot-bath containing Radox, the salts soften the hard outer layers of the corn, and the oxygen which Radox liberates enters the pores, opens them, and penetrates further and further, carrying the corn softening salts right to the root of the corn, which is thus loosened, so that it can be lifted out bodily. The life-giving oxygen leaves the feet clean and healthy. Since it is the oxygen which carries the corn solvents to the root of the corn, and since Radox liberates by test more oxygen than any other Salts on the market, it is obvious that Radox is more efficient in removing corns than any other Salts. More Radox Salts are sold than any other kind, a further proof of its efficacy.

Ask for Radox at your chemists, price 1/6 per ½ lb. pink packet, 2/6 double quantity.

1/6 *Half Pound Pink Packet*

Radox Bath Salts

GIVE YOUR FEET THAT "KRUSCHEN FEELING."

What is Catarrh?

An insidious scourge—how to recognise it—its effect on general health—how to get rid of it quickly, pleasantly, certainly.

Doctors say that four out of five people suffer from some form of catarrhal trouble. Doctors, say, moreover, that it is an insidious scourge, whose presence is often quite unsuspected by its victim but whose effects are all the more serious because they are consequently allowed to go unchecked.

What is Catarrh?

Catarrh is a disease of the mucous membrane. Usually it begins with a simple cold in the head. Commencing in the nostrils, it spreads to all the mucous membranes of the head, the nose, the throat, the lungs and stomach. Thence it spreads its poison through the blood all over the body, sapping the bodily energy and weakening the powers of resistance to disease and germ-spread illnesses. This diagram shows how the catarrhal infection spreads into all the minute passages and channels of the respiratory system, till the inflamed tissues choke the tiny airways.

How to Know Catarrh.

If you catch one cold after another, if your eyes are inflamed and watery; if there is a huskiness of the voice; if there is a constant discharge from the nose; forming scabs, or the dropping of phlegm into the throat, causing frequent spitting of white, yellowish or greenish mucus, with an offensive breath; if there is difficulty in breathing with the mouth closed, or loss of the sense of smell or taste, you may know you have catarrh. If you have catarrh of the throat, you will feel hoarseness, sore throat, weakness of voice, frequent desire to clear throat, etc. Catarrhal deafness brings failure of hearing, noises in the head, ringing, roaring and popping. None of these symptoms should be neglected, because it cannot be too strongly urged that catarrh will spread its ill effects through the whole of your body.

How to Get Rid of Catarrh?

Having seen how catarrh inflames the membranes in all the minute passages and channels, it is evident that the only way to effect a remedy is to employ some healing element which can actually reach the parts that are infected. Obviously ointments cannot do this, nor can liquid sprays reach more than the outer parts, while no stomach medicine can affect the passages of throat and nose.

Fortunately there is one remedy which is not only unfailingly effective in penetrating to every affected part, but is also exceedingly pleasant. It is put up in the form of delicate cigarettes containing no tobacco, cubebs or habit-forming drugs but made of aromatic herbs, leaves and flowers, and called after the famous U.S. Specialist who discovered them, Dr. Blosser's Cigarettes. The healing properties of these herbs and flowers are carried by the act of smoking into every nook and cranny of the respiratory system, where they soothe the inflamed tissues and banish all trace of catarrhal trouble in a very short time. This diagram shows clearly how the healing vapours of Dr. Blosser's Cigarettes reach every part that could possibly be affected.

How to Prove It.

If you think you have the slightest trace of any catarrhal trouble, colds, asthma, bronchitis, etc., etc., just send a post-card or the coupon below and we will send you without cost to you, a few of the actual Dr. Blosser's Cigarettes for you to try. We make this offer in all sincerity and you would be wise to take advantage of it now, before this paper gets mislaid. When you have proved them yourself, you can get further supplies at any chemists. Boots, Taylors, Timothy Whites and all progressive chemists have a supply.

FREE COUPON.

Send this Coupon to Dr. Blosser, Ltd., (Dept. 121 W.F.) Temple Chambers, Temple Avenue, London, E.C.4, for a small sample packet post free, or hand it to your chemist and he will give you two or three Dr. Blosser's Cigarettes for you to try.

NAME.....

STREET.....

TOWN.....

(Print with pencil very, very plainly.)

Inspector Steele of Bow Street. We ask him to walk out for Edward Wilson of the "Effective Services Bureau"

Tales of his wonderful coconut estates caught many of Mr. Greene's victims. Here is a worker picking coconuts on a real estate

NEW *Babes in the* WOOD

Weekly Informations from SIR WYNDHAM CHILDS

My Smaller CASES

A VERY ingenious swindler is Mr. G. R. Jones, who goes about the country posing as a representative of the Cigarette Distributors, Ltd., and the Automatic Distributing Company, Ltd., of Broad Street Place, London, E.C.

He calls on shopkeepers and tells them that their premises are ideal for the erection of automatic slot-machines for the sale of cigarettes, chocolate, matches, perfume, and so on.

No fee is charged by the companies he claims to represent for the installation of the machines, and all stock is delivered free.

Commission of 15 per cent. is allowed on all takings, and any number of machines can be supplied, so long as space is available for them.

For each machine supplied, however, a fee of £1 is necessary as a sign of good faith. But he assures shopkeepers that this is returnable once the company is satisfied that the machines are in good hands.

Many shopkeepers, I find, have paid deposits to Mr. Jones, who, by the way, changes his name frequently.

Pleased to meet him

Within the space of a few days Mr. Jones has been busy at Bury St. Edmunds, Norwich, Lowestoft, Caister-on-Sea and Great Yarmouth.

If you are visited by him, keep him in conversation and send someone to the local police-station, where information will be appreciated.

* * *

Mr. Edgar Stanley Gordon Greene, the notorious company promoter, who was criticised in this journal some time ago, is again very busy.

He has been for some time operating from addresses in Fairlawn Avenue, Chiswick, in Victoria Street, London, and in Putney and Tooting.

For some considerable time he has been incurring heavy debts wholesale.

His victims include people who have parted with money for worthless shares in Madagascar Oilfields, Delabole Slate Quarries, coconut and banana estates in Fiji, in a certain brickworks proposition, and in a host of other enterprises of an utterly ridiculous and highly speculative character.

Partners "part"

Advertisements appeared the other day asking for ex-Servicemen partners, and applicants found themselves in touch with Mr. Edward Wilson, then in an office at 15, The Strand, London.

Mr. Wilson was running what he called "The Effective Services Bureau and Manufacturing Company," which dealt in all kinds of medicinal commodities.

Although he was only at the Strand office for a day or two, he succeeded in extracting £100 from at least one "partner," who soon discovered that the Effective Services Bureau and Manufacturing Company was a figment of Wilson's imagination when the latter disappeared, leaving no trace behind him.

There are far too many of these fly-by-night swindlers operating at the present time, and I hope that Mr. Edward Wilson will soon be brought to book.

MY readers are co-operating splendidly in endeavouring to frustrate those who live by exploiting the credulous.

A New Zealand forestry scheme; dubious employment-with-investment propositions; a campaign on the part of cash-deposit tricksters who are misusing the names of genuine firms; enquiries about questionable mail-order systems, and the renewed activities of a many-sided financier—these are but some of the matters that have claimed my attention in my growing post-bag during the past few days.

I condense

A truly remarkable proposition is put forward by a company called Dominion Forests, Ltd., in an elaborate brochure headed "Your Opportunity," the vividly-coloured cover of which shows an ambitious young man, with shirt-sleeves rolled up, gazing earnestly upon a vista of unexploited virgin forest.

Twenty-eight pages of printed matter expound one of the greatest schemes for "effortless earning" I have ever discovered, but which it will be possible to convey adequately to my readers in condensed form.

Dominion Forests, Ltd., is stated to own something like 15,000 acres of forestry land at Tahoroa, to the north of Auckland, New Zealand.

This it proposes to dispose of to fortune-hunters in Great Britain in the following way:

It offers investors a "Forest Bond" for £30, entitling the holder to one acre planted with 680 pine trees.

After paying the £30, the investor is asked to forget all about his property for ten years, during which period Dominion Forests, Ltd., promises to look after it like the apple of its eye.

At the end of ten years the £30 bond, it is asserted, will be worth £250 in actual cash—and perhaps more.

Too kind

Dominion Forests, Ltd., is nothing if not accommodating; for if one cannot pay £30 down, it is willing to accept £3 on account and allow the investor to pay the balance in monthly instalments of £1.

But even this does not end its altruism. The investor is given a free assurance policy for £250 on his life as a "special concession," conspicuous type in the brochure proclaiming the fact that no medical examination is required.

Doesn't it all sound like a fairy-tale? But let me submit this wonderful offer to analysis.

In the first place, Dominion Forests, Ltd., is registered some thousands of miles away from England, for its head office is in Barrack Street, Sydney, New South Wales.

All its directors are Australians, resident in Sydney, while its bankers, solicitors, auditors, trustee for bond-holders and "sole brokers" are also located in that distant city, where all the company's literature was printed.

Its nominal capital is stated to be £100,000; but nowhere is any information given as to its actual cash resources, and any investor desiring enlightenment from official records must go to Sydney to obtain it.

Dominion Forests, Ltd., however, has a representative in London at the moment. He is Mr. John Alexander Downton, who occupies an office at Mincing Lane House, Eastcheap.

Mr. Downton has only recently arrived here from Sydney, and is, in fact, one of the company's directors.

To a representative I sent to him the other day, in the guise of a would-be investor, Mr. Downton amplified his company's offer in most impressive terms.

After reciting all the advantages to which I have referred he offered him a "spare-time agency" as a London representative, with the tempting commission of 20s. on each £30 bond he managed to sell.

The fact that Mr. Downton was in earnest is shown by a follow-up letter to this prospective agent, in which he confirms the terms and urges him to get down to the business of selling bonds.

That such an offer should be made to a stranger, without any investigation as to his integrity, particularly when set forth in a letter which, in unscrupulous hands, could be used as authority to collect £30 for bonds, says little for Mr. Downton's business acumen—but that in passing.

Trick on a slip

The worst feature of this scheme lies in a supplementary slip, printed in red ink so that it cannot be missed, and attached to the opening page of the brochure.

"Special interest to British bond-holders," it runs. "The company is registered with the High Commissioner for New Zealand, London." This obviously means to imply that the proposition has secured official benediction.

When one of my representatives brought this to the notice of Mr. Alexander Crabb, the High Commissioner's secretary, he stated that Mr. Downton had no right whatever to make use of the High Commissioner's name in this way.

Needless to say, the brochure left behind was minus the supplementary slip.

No New Zealand companies are ever registered in this way, and all that happened was that Mr. Downton called at the High Commissioner's office some time ago, and left one of his brochures, which was merely acknowledged in a formal way.

When, in fact, Mr. Crabb later discovered that the misleading slip had been inserted in the company's brochure, he promptly wrote to Mr. Downton expressing strong objection.

Mr. Downton replied to the effect that he would call immediately and explain; but he has not yet put in an appearance.

London's softheads

I note that the telegraphic address of Dominion Forests, Ltd.—which, by the way, only came into being as recently as December last—is "Softwoods, Sydney."

In view of these facts, and with memories of similar forestry schemes that failed to justify the claims of their promoters, I hope they will find no "softheads" in London.

Bart Child

Free Yourself of Truss Discomfort without Pain, Operation or Loss of Time

For your benefit we take pleasure in publishing the Brooks offer to save all who are ruptured from wearing trusses and other painful makeshifts that do not help.

The Brooks Appliance Co., Ltd., gladly sends this remarkable Appliance ON TRIAL to prove that it holds the rupture back, keeps it in place, prevents it coming down or slipping out and finally relieves it entirely.

NO man or woman ever can look and feel his or her best while suffering the torment, pain, and discomfort of rupture. Every day that you suffer from rupture—every hour of truss discomfort that you endure—after you read this advertisement *is your own fault.*

For many years we have been telling you that no truss will ever help you. We have told you about the harm trusses may do.

We have told you that the truly comfortable, sanitary, and scientific device for holding rupture is the Brooks Rupture Appliance.

Now we offer to prove it to you entirely at our risk.

We will send you a Brooks Rupture Appliance *on trial.* If you really want to be rid of your rupture, fill in the coupon below and post it to-day. Instead of wearing a steel spring try the *velvet soft* Brooks Appliance. Instead of the hard pad of a truss, use the *soft rubber automatic air-cushion* of a Brooks Appliance.

The Brooks Appliance clings to you without force, and you are hardly conscious of its presence. And, above all else, it **HOLDS ALWAYS.**

Within an hour after you receive the Brooks Appliance, if you take advantage of this remarkable trial offer, you will throw away your truss for ever.

Over 514,000 People have accepted this Offer. Why not You?

Doesn't that prove that the Brooks Appliance is not an experiment but a positive success—that it does all we claim for it?

Among these 514,000 men, women and children there must be *hundreds whose condition was identical with yours.* Can you afford not to investigate and satisfy yourself when it costs you nothing to prove what the Brooks Appliance will do for *you*?

From a photograph of Mr. C. E. Brooks, inventor of the Appliance, who overcame his rupture over 30 years ago, and patented the Appliance from his personal experience. If ruptured, write to-day.

This wonderful device is a triumph of scientific and mechanical genius, the result of more than 30 years' experience, and the percentage of successes effected by its use is very great.

Many hundreds of physicians and surgeons recommend the Brooks Appliance and condemn trusses as more harmful and dangerous than other methods of treatment. Thousands of people have written us to testify to the amazing results they have secured from this great invention. Many of these people live in your vicinity, and we will be glad to send you copies of their thankful letters if you will ask for them when you write.

Ten Reasons Why you should accept THIS FREE OFFER.

1. It is absolutely the only Appliance embodying the principles that inventors have sought after for years.
2. The appliance for retaining the rupture cannot be thrown out of position.
3. Being an air-cushion of soft rubber, it clings closely to the body, yet never blisters or causes irritation.
4. Unlike ordinary so-called pads, it is not cumbersome or ungainly.
5. It is small, soft, and pliable.
6. The soft, pliable bands give one a pleasant sensation of buoyancy and ease.
7. It is thoroughly sanitary; it can be washed without any injury.
8. There are no metal springs in the appliance to hurt one by cutting and bruising the flesh.
9. All materials are the very best that money can buy, making it a durable and safe appliance to wear.
10. Our reputation is so thoroughly established and our prices so reasonable, our terms so fair, that you should not hesitate to send the free coupon to-day.

Men, Women and Children find the Brooks Appliance Equally Effective.

No matter if your rupture is old and severe or only recently developed, no matter if you are young or old, you should not fail to profit by this **No-risk Trial Offer.**

No other rupture support, truss, device, pad or plaster is offered to the public under so broad a guarantee of satisfaction. If for any reason whatever you do not wish to keep the Brooks Appliance after you try it, send it back. You do not have to give any reason. There will be no question or quibble. There will be no argument, no dispute or misunderstanding

REMEMBER

We send you the Appliance on trial to prove that what we say is true. You are to be the Judge. Fill in the coupon below and post to-day to either the Manchester or London address, whichever you like.

If in Manchester or London call at our consulting rooms. Experienced and capable fitters for ladies and gentlemen. Special attention given to children. Lady nurses always in attendance at both offices.

National Insurance Benefit

If you are a member of an Approved Society, you may, under the additional benefits scheme, be entitled to an Appliance free through your Society. We have furnished many appliances in this way and are always glad to do so. Be sure you specify definitely to your Society and particularly to your Doctor that it is a BROOKS RUPTURE APPLIANCE you want.

The Secretary of your Society will tell you how to go about it.

Even if you are not entitled to a grant owing to your not being in benefit, we may be able to help you. Ask your Secretary to write us regarding your case, but first fill in the coupon in the column opposite.

FREE INFORMATION COUPON.

BROOKS APPLIANCE COMPANY, LTD.

(468L) 274, Deansgate, MANCHESTER.
(468L) 80, Chancery Lane, LONDON, W.C.2.

Without cost or obligation on my part please send me by post, in plain wrapper, your illustrated Book and full information about your Appliance for Rupture, and your trial offer. *Please write plainly.*

NAME .....

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Can These DRY BONES LIVE?

by A. G. GARDINER

THE skeleton in the cupboard of the Liberal Party is to be unveiled at the annual meeting of the National Liberal Federation at Nottingham to-day (Thursday).

It will not be a public unveiling. There are some subjects too intimate and too delicate to discuss in the ears of the world, and this is one of them. The unveiling, therefore, will take place privately at a secret session.

But the result will be speedily apparent, for it involves no less a question than the existence of the Liberal Party itself.

That historic institution, which has played so large and, as I think, so beneficent a part in the making of modern England, is at the crisis of its fate

The events at Nottingham will show whether, as a political entity, it is doomed to extinction, or whether it still has in it the principle of life and the power of revival.

Before I come to the question of the skeleton, let us glance briefly at the situation which will face the federation.

The outstanding fact of the situation, disclosed at the last General Election, is that the Liberal Party has declined definitely to the position of third place. But it still holds the balance of power in the House, and it still commands a following of over five million voters in the country.

The problem that confronts the Federation is whether a great Party, which needs a costly machinery to keep it active, can hope to survive without any reasonable expectation of office.

Can it raise the necessary funds? Can it prevent the drift of the youth of the nation to one or other of the Parties which offers them a reasonable prospect of victory?

Are we, in short, returning to a two-Party system, with Conservatives and Labour as the protagonists, and the Liberals seceding, some to this side and some to that?

Into the general causes of the downfall of the Liberal Party there is no need to go at length.

The war was fatal to it. Not only did it break up the Party into factions; it put its whole organisation and propaganda into cold storage for over four years.

Mud-larking

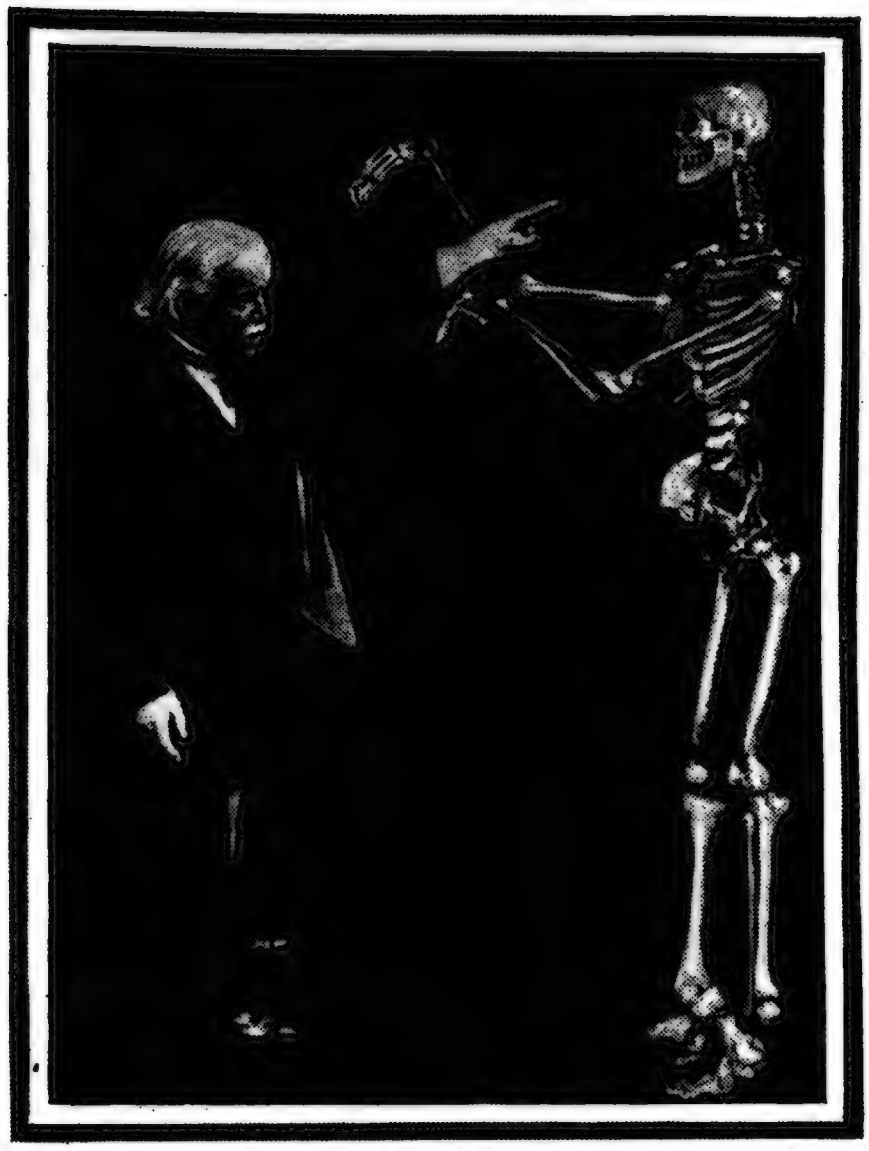
When peace came, Labour was established and in the ascendant; the Liberal Party was left floundering in the mud and squalor of the war years.

And then there was Mr. Lloyd George. And the aforesaid skeleton.

It is probable that the Liberal Party would have revived if it had had a chance. But it was not given a chance. The war had gone to Mr. Lloyd George's head, and he emerged from it with the idea of the break-up and fusion of all Parties, with himself in the rôle of dictator.

In pursuit of this idea, he assassinated the Liberal Party in the "coupon" election of 1918, and made a Coalition with the Conservatives and Labour.

During the heyday of his prosperity, when office and power and dignities were in his gift, he had accumulated a vast fund over which he claimed exclusive personal control.



Mr. Lloyd George confronts the skeleton. But can he lock it back in its cupboard?

For what purpose the fund was subscribed nobody but himself knew or knows. Who subscribed it and for what consideration nobody but himself knew or knows. How much it amounted to nobody but himself knew or knows.

It was certainly a million; well-informed rumour put it at two millions or even more. With part of it he bought a great newspaper and sold it again at a handsome profit—adding still more to this secret store.

In politics, as in other affairs, money talks.

I do not say that the Liberal Party took Mr. Lloyd George back because of his money. On the contrary, many objected to receiving him back because of his money. They felt that the whole circumstances of the fund were too mysterious and obscure to invite association with it.

He vested it

But having come back, it was assumed that he would promptly hand over his millions for the reorganisation of the Party he had wrecked, and had now rejoined.

But Mr. Lloyd George did not hand over the money. He vested it in trustees of his own choice, and preserved about it the secrecy of an entirely personal affair.

The hungry sheep looked up and were not fed; at any rate, only spasmodically fed. Occasionally a dole was handed out—for example, at election times—but this was entirely at the pleasure of the paymaster.

Before the last election the Lloyd George fund provided something like £300,000 for the purposes of the election; but whether the result was unsatisfactory or whether other ends are in view, there has since been a drastic cutting-off of supplies.

The central machinery of the Party has become a shadow of itself, and the staff has now been reduced to the barest limits. In a word, the Party is faced with bankruptcy.

This is the skeleton that will cast its shadow over the Nottingham conference.

The time has gone by for pretending that the skeleton is not there, or for supposing that, being there, it does not matter.

Is it too late?

It may be that it is too late now to save the Liberal Party. I do not know. But it is certain that it cannot be saved unless this skeleton is decently buried out of sight.

As it stands, it is an evil, whether it is used or withheld. No Party which is the "kept" instrument of any individual, however eminent, can hope to recover the confidence of the country.

If this money belongs to anybody, it belongs morally to the Party which Mr. Lloyd George represented when he accumulated it.

The National Liberal Federation must insist on its transfer to the Party exchequer, to be administered at the will and discretion of the elected representatives of the Party.

If Mr. Lloyd George refuses to do this, then the Party should formally and firmly decide to have nothing to do either with Mr. Lloyd George or the fund that stands in his name, and should turn to the Party in the country to restore its fortunes on the basis of a self-governing and self-respecting institution.

It might fail in that case, as it will certainly in the other; but if it fails it will fall honourably, without the shame and humiliation which have been inflicted on it by the skeleton in its cupboard.

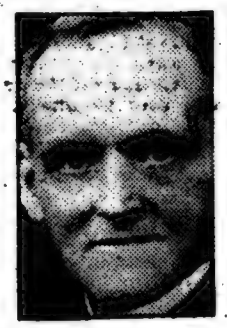
Homely Wisdom — *by the Rev. R. J. Campbell, D.D.*

The Strength of the Simple

ONE of the surprises of the new Government is the competence wherewith men of humble origin—ex-artisans and the like—are handling great affairs of State.

Mr. Winston Churchill said not very long ago that these men would not know how to govern, that they possessed neither the experience nor the training necessary to undertake such high responsibilities.

He was not alone in holding this opinion; thousands of his countrymen shared it; but it is now seen to have been an error.



Philip "taught in a Sunday-school"

Mr. Snowden at The Hague showed himself to be not only a staunch upholder of British rights, but a man who knew more of the details of the matter at issue than the experts who vainly tried to argue him down.

Our Foreign Secretary in youth and early manhood had to earn his living by the labour of his hands and the sweat of his brow. He says of himself that when he looks back upon those days from the office he now holds he can but affirm that the age of miracles is not past.

He has the approval of the whole country behind him in his decision to bring the British troops home from the Rhine and in his expressed wish at Geneva to bring the constitution of the League of Nations into harmony with the Kellogg Pact.

And George Lansbury has already won the confidence of the public as an administrator because of the common sense he is bringing to his job.

The Prime Minister has the most difficult task of all, and if he succeeds in it the whole world will bless his name.

Now, why is it that these men are able to go straight to the mark and do what they are doing with so firm a touch?

It is because they are men of essentially simple nature, men of faith, and therefore men of courage; they are all men of sturdy moral principle.

Philip Snowden taught in a Sunday-school; Arthur Henderson was a Wesleyan lay preacher, and probably still is; George Lansbury is or was a churchwarden; Ramsay MacDonald grew to manhood in the bracing atmosphere of Scottish Presbyterianism.

My experience of life has taught me that if I need a friend, or want advice, it is safer to put confidence in the wisdom that springs from goodness and simplicity of heart than in cleverness alone.

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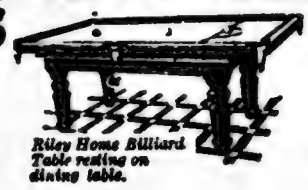

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A VULTURE MILLIONAIRE

by E. ROFFE THOMPSON

TOWARDS the end of the late Government's career I was sitting in the Strangers' Gallery of the House of Commons with a famous American editor.

Suddenly he pointed to the solitary occupant of the Treasury Bench. "There," he said, "is the second most dangerous man in Europe." It was Mr. Winston Churchill.

"And the first?" I asked.

He hardly hesitated a moment. "Sir Basil Zaharoff," he replied.

I was reminded of this little conversation the other day when I read the book about Sir Basil Zaharoff that has just been written by Dr. Richard Lewinsohn

The newspapers have recently quoted one or two extracts from this book; but these have been only the more or less picturesque scum that from time to time inevitably rose as the devil's brew boiled and bubbled in international diplomacy.

It is worth while, I think, to sketch the real career of this bogey-man of Europe, this sinister mystery-monger whose gigantic shadow has been flung across international politics for many years.

This is the man whose scheming and plotting have dethroned kings, overthrown Prime Ministers, and brought death and destruction to thousands of homes: and I want to tell you his story in order that you may get some faint idea of the brutal machine that for generations has ruled and is still ruling your destinies and your very lives.

Zaharoff, despite the fact that he is a knight, decorated with the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honour, the Grand Cross of the Order of the British Empire, and several other titles, is a Greek.

He began his extraordinary career in the one business where nationality is of no account, and where cosmopolitanism is the only passport to success—the armament industry. As a young man, he became an agent of the Swedish firm of Nordenfelt.

Thereafter, until only a few months ago, war and international unrest and the shadow of Sir Basil Zaharoff were constant and inseparable companions.

It was not long before his evil genius had brought about an amalgamation between Nordenfelt and Maxim. It took still less time to join up this business with that of Vickers.

Behind all devilry

From then until the end of the World War "the mystery man of Europe" was behind every piece of devilry that took place.

Listen to what Dr. Lewinsohn has to say about the methods of Zaharoff and his associates.

"Zaharoff saw that the armament industry comprised something more than the manufacture and supply of arms. The great armament magnates were not only trusty supporters of the politicians, but were themselves powerful factors in the political game.

"When a Government's policy did not result in sufficient orders, that policy had to be changed. For the armament industry, after all, was not run for the sake of politics, but politics were there for the sake of the armament industry.

"This was the axiom on which the political part played by the great armament firms was based."

Mass murder has always been the only true internationalism, and Zaharoff was everywhere. Anyone and everyone could be supplied with the machinery of death—so long as their money was forthcoming.

"Always Zaharoff, . . . as busy as the Angel of Death"

"Even the Greek Zaharoff could not violate this fundamental principle of the armament industry," says Dr. Lewinsohn.

"Yesterday his compatriots on the Piræus were his customers. To-day the people on the Bosphorus, the hereditary enemies and suppressors of Greek independence. Such is life. There is no room for sentimental patriotism in this most international of all industries."

Zaharoff—always Zaharoff. Secret, mysterious, unknown to the public, never mentioned by anyone; but nevertheless as busy as the Angel of Death wherever millions could be amassed by the sowing of fear and enmity.

During the war, the firm of Vickers increased its capital from £10,000,000 to £13,500,000, and this was but a faint echo of the profits being made out of the shambles of the world.

Zaharoff was not only Vickers' agent: he was a large shareholder. As their profits increased so did his private fortune grow, and lots of contemporary history becomes explainable when we read that "his political influence increased with his wealth."

Poison floods

I do not believe that there is anyone left to-day who really thinks that any of the peoples of Europe went to war because they genuinely wished to fight.

Certainly Zaharoff's own people, the Greeks, did not, for "Zaharoff provided several million francs for the allied propaganda in Greece." He acquired whole newspapers, and flooded the country with a violent campaign against any policy of neutrality.

He can claim all the glory, if glory it be, for bringing Greece into the war. How he did it is an interesting sidelight on the tools such men as he use to serve ends which, whatever the motive, inevitably pour more gold into their pockets.

"A hundred and sixty-two people were engaged in the service of this propaganda, and they were not exactly the most respectable of individuals.

Twenty-seven thieves

"According to an official list, bearing the signature of the Prefect of Police at Athens, there were among them eight persons who were suspected of murder, twenty-seven who were known as thieves and brigands, ten as smugglers, twenty-one professional gamblers, and twenty as white-slave traffickers. This agreeable company hesitated at nothing."

That is part of the propaganda of war in all its nastiness. "Zaharoff," says Dr. Lewinsohn bitingly, "distributed at least fifty million francs towards the allied cause during the war. The amount of his profits from the Allies during the same period has not been so accurately communicated to the public."

Even the end of the war did not see the end of Zaharoff.

It was he who pushed Mr. Lloyd George into the fatal backing of Greece that eventually led to the downfall of this volatile politician, and it will probably never be known how many English lives and how much English gold were wantonly thrown away at the behest of this international plotter.

To-day this "mystery man of Europe" is broken, embittered and dispirited. All his plottings and schemings have brought him no more result than the creation of a monster that has devoured itself.

The public still do not know more than the mere name of Sir Basil Zaharoff; but they have seen the evil results of his work and have determined to tear it down and build civilisation afresh on new and better foundations.

The Human Machine

Go for it BALDHEADED!

MANY a true word, says the proverb, is spoken in jest. There was a story one of our humorists told in the newspapers the other day that takes a lot of beating for the pungency of its lesson, deliberately farcical though it was:

"'May I borrow your spectacles for one moment, sir?'

"'Oh, certainly.'

"Though surprised at the request, the man who was reading his newspaper surrendered his spectacles.

"'And now that I have your spectacles, sir, may I borrow your newspaper, which will be no good to you without them?'

"Meekly the paper was handed over, and the man settled down to a comfortable journey.

"Moral: Whatever it is you want, go baldheaded for it."

That's a silly story; but it illustrates the point all right.

Those who never ask never get. Life is only generous to those who show themselves its master.

Sir James Barrie, for instance, came to London against everyone's advice, when he was a young man. He cheerfully accepted a salary of a few shillings a week in order to get a start in real journalism.

Then he went baldheaded for what he wanted—and got it.

You may object that he was a genius anyway. Maybe; but how do you know you are not a genius unless you try?

It is so easy to look at success once it has been achieved and murmur "Genius." But behind every real achievement there lies the same story of struggle and grim determination to get on, a steady plodding towards a goal that was always very clearly seen.

The secret of successful achievement always has been, and always will be, ungrudging, hard work.

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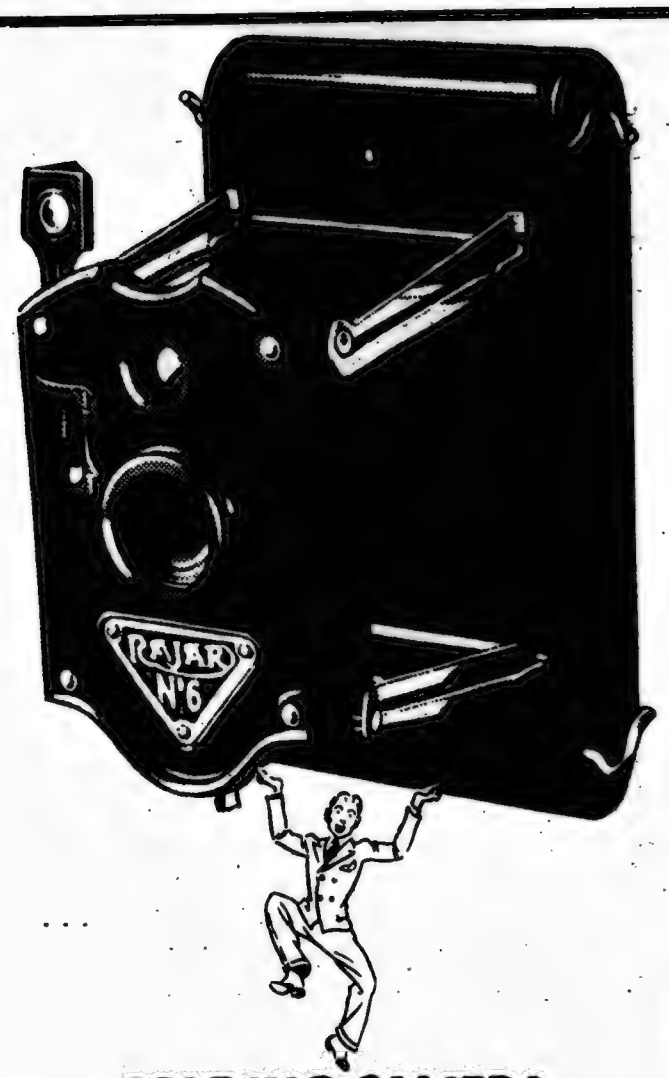

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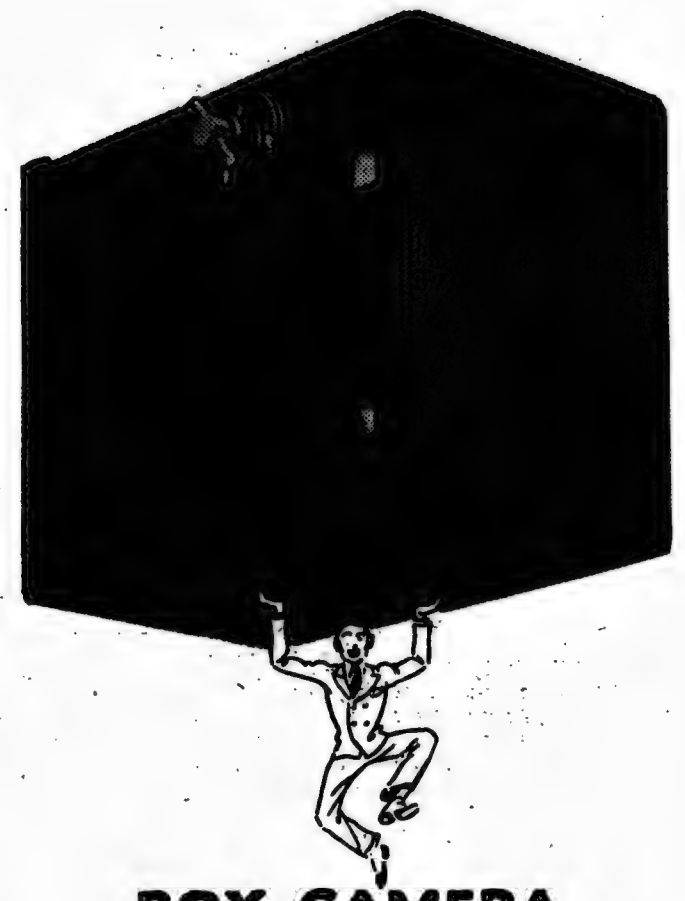

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JOURNEY'S END

All Too Quiet *on the* CITY FRONT

Without Fear or Favour

WHILE the Hatry collapse will echo among the tragedies of ruined homes for a long time to come, there is at least one gleam of hope. It looks at last as though something tangible will be done to safeguard the interests of the investing public in a more effective manner.

That Wall Street calls the public "suckers," while our own Stock Exchange refers to it in unguarded moments as "mugs," seems to point somewhat urgently to the need for action.

Matters have been steadily reaching a crisis all the last twelve months, during which no less than £400,000,000 of new capital was obtained from the public.

How much of this has been lost it would be difficult to say, but that far too much has vanished is indisputable.

For the sake of its own reputation, the Stock Exchange must take speedy steps to evolve some means of checking the *bona fides* of every speculative flotation before its promoters go to the public for money.

Over-capitalisation is the rock on which most companies come to grief, and literally millions of pounds have been lost through the inability of underwriters to meet their obligations.

MILLIONS more have vanished through the downright dishonesty of companies which were never in a position, and which knew it from the start, to carry out the objects they portrayed so glowingly in their prospectuses.

There is a very obvious remedy, and that is to set up a public Board or Committee, consisting of members of the Stock Exchange, the Banks and the Bar in equal proportions.

Such a Board should refuse to let any issue go to the public until it was satisfied that the company was in fact in a position to do what it claimed, that its *personnel* was competent to carry out its functions, and that the capital asked for was not ludicrously in advance of its real requirements.

Action such as this would go a long way towards removing many of the abuses which in the past year have brought discredit on the City and distress to the investor.

It should not be beyond the wit of Parliament to devise means for preventing the employment of the unlovely "guinea-pig"—the gentleman who is far too ready to lend the bait of his title to adorn a dubious prospectus in return for his director's fees.

Meanwhile let us remind the public that no measures can ever protect the fool from his folly, however much they can protect him from knavery. The desire of the public to get rich quick is as much responsible for company roguery as is the company crook.

In any reforms that come out of the present mess the investing public must at least exercise ordinary common-sense in its investments if they are to prove efficacious.

* * *

WE commend to the earnest attention of the members of the Drink Commission our "Letter Parliament" page this week. They can be assured that the letters we are able to print represent only a fraction of those we have received.

Sense by the Pint

That page is the outspoken opinion of the ordinary man, and since it is his liberty that is going to be in danger, he has more right to be heard than anyone else.

He does not want drunken orgies, and neither does he want Prohibition. He wants the liberty to behave like a reasonable human being, the freedom to take his refreshment in pleasant surroundings, and the abolition of leading-strings.

A Commission for the Abolition of the Slums would do more good than any number of commissions to restrict the opportunities of respectable citizens to enjoy a glass of beer.

It is the slums that create drunkenness, not drunkenness that creates the slums.

Our readers have told the Drink Commission very plainly what they think and what they want. Unless its members want to rush headlong to disaster they will listen to them.

THE belated fuss the daily Press is making about the airships *R*100 and *R*101, now due for their trial flights, may impress some people, but it makes us smile.

We Told You So!

It is nearly two years since the late Mr. Frank Rose, M.P., made in our pages certain very specific charges. At least twice this year we have returned to the attack, and demanded an enquiry into what we alleged—and still allege—to be a scandalous waste of money and a needless risking of lives.

Still, better late than never, and we welcome our belated allies, whether they happen to be the Press or the experts and engineers who have suddenly awakened to the true facts.

It is nothing less than a public scandal that £2,000,000 of the nation's money has been thrown away on these useless monsters, and the sooner someone is brought to book the better.

There is now a unanimous lining-up of expert opinion with JOHN BULL'S oft-repeated charges that these airships are technically deficient, that the money spent on them can never be recovered, and that their flights—if they ever take place—will put into instant jeopardy the lives of passengers and crews.

Even their most ardent supporters regret that they are miles behind the German globe-trotter, *Graf Zeppelin*.

"It is to be regretted," said a London evening paper the other day, "that such charges should have been made after the money has been spent."

IT would be if it were true; but they were made by us long before the money was spent, and if we had been listened to we suspect that it never would have been spent.

The least the Air Ministry can do now is to set up the most stringent enquiry, and discover without delay who it is who has blundered.

Tracking Down the Rainbow

An outdoor weather map at Croydon Airport

That girl is a "weather clerk" measuring the rainfall on the roof of Adastral House. She has not been very busy this summer

IT is a square room; its walls mostly window, through which you get a magnificent view of the cold, grey clouds of an English autumn afternoon.

Two men are the room's only occupants. One sits before a big wireless set, earphones on, twirling and twiddling at his tuning dials. The other, also complete with earphones, pores over a great chart of South-Eastern England, Northern France, the Low Countries, and the seas which heave restlessly between them.

Let us borrow a spare pair of earphones which lie ready connected to the wireless outfit, and find out what is afoot here.

"Hullo, hullo!" sighs a phantom voice. "I have just crossed the coast at Lympne—flying at 3,000 feet over thin cloud—visibility very poor—there's a nasty mist rising all down the coast—how's your weather?—shall I have any trouble to get down?"

The man by the chart makes a few minute pencil-marks on the English coast in the neighbourhood of Folkestone.

Then he looks up and turns towards his companion. "Tell him everything's OK here, and he has nothing to worry about."

He bends over his chart again musingly, and meticulously rubs out a dirty smudge near the Mouse lightship with a little piece of green indiarubber.

Mothering 'planes

Where does this happen? Up above Croydon Airport, in the concrete control - tower, whence 'planes flying on a thousand miles of air lines are guided, advised and "mothered" during their droning rush across the skies.

Here is one of the foci of the amazing international weather service which has been carefully built up to serve the airmen of Europe.

The autumn is closing in. Daylight grows pale and thin these afternoons; equinoctial storms whirl towards Europe across the Atlantic's tumbling waters; mists roll out of the hollows in the downs to blanket the Kent landscape in a wet, white pall.

Yet all through the year the regular Continental air services keep to schedule as regularly as the "Flying Scotsman."

By this elaborate weather service the air-liners are protected from every treachery of wind or rain or fog and guided safely home to their destination at Croydon.

Small and shabby

But the control-tower only handles the ready-made results of this great weather service. Where are the actual "clerks of the weather," who put all the information Croydon needs in its hands? How is their work carried on?

Let us visit Britain's meteorological headquarters at Adastral House, the Air Ministry's London home, and find out.

In a small, rather shabby office, high above the rumble of Kingsway's traffic, a group of men sit round a desk, examining some charts.

These charts bear no names of countries or of seas; but the land is indicated as green on a white background. There is a multiplicity of whorls scrawled on them—indicating wind - currents. Scores of notes have been minutely written in ink on various parts of the chart.

These charts show the boiled-down evidence contained in the reports which come from the meteorological stations in many countries, as well as from vessels in the Atlantic, giving barometer and thermometer readings, wind directions and other indispensable information.

Here one may watch the work of all the complex and highly efficient machinery for the collection and transmission of weather news and forecasts, both for general and for aviation purposes.

An hour's conversation with one of the experts reveals the extraordinary progress, in exactitude and scope of service, which has been made during the past few years.

Forecasting may be of immense value to the agriculturist, indispensable for shipping, and useful for the humble week-ender. But for the men in touch with the control-tower at Croydon it means life or death. A slip in working out some involved mathematics at Kingsway may mean the wreck of an air-liner, and it's slowly sinking in the Channel four hours later.

* * *

Some folk still believe that weather forecasting is mainly a matter of guesswork, and the ancient jokes about unreliability of the daily newspaper forecast still persist, despite the fact that such forecasts are, in truth, amazingly accurate.

Forecasting has actually become a scientific process, depending upon the careful collection of reports at regular intervals during the day from a very large number of observation-stations.

Home of storms

At the Meteorological Office reports are collected on its charts from Iceland, Norway, Sweden, Germany, Italy, Northern Spain and the Azores.

But the most valuable information comes from ships in the Atlantic. Most of our really bad weather comes to us from the Atlantic, and the service of the liners which are equipped with the apparatus for meteorological observation is invaluable.

If you look at the green and white charts at the Air Ministry, you will see little specks in mid-ocean, either marked *Aquitania* or with the name of some other vessel.

Every weather station is fully equipped with barometer, thermometer, and with apparatus for reading the wind-direction. The upper wind-observations are made by small balloons observed from the ground through a theodolite, by which their rate of drift is measured. They are sent up every three hours.

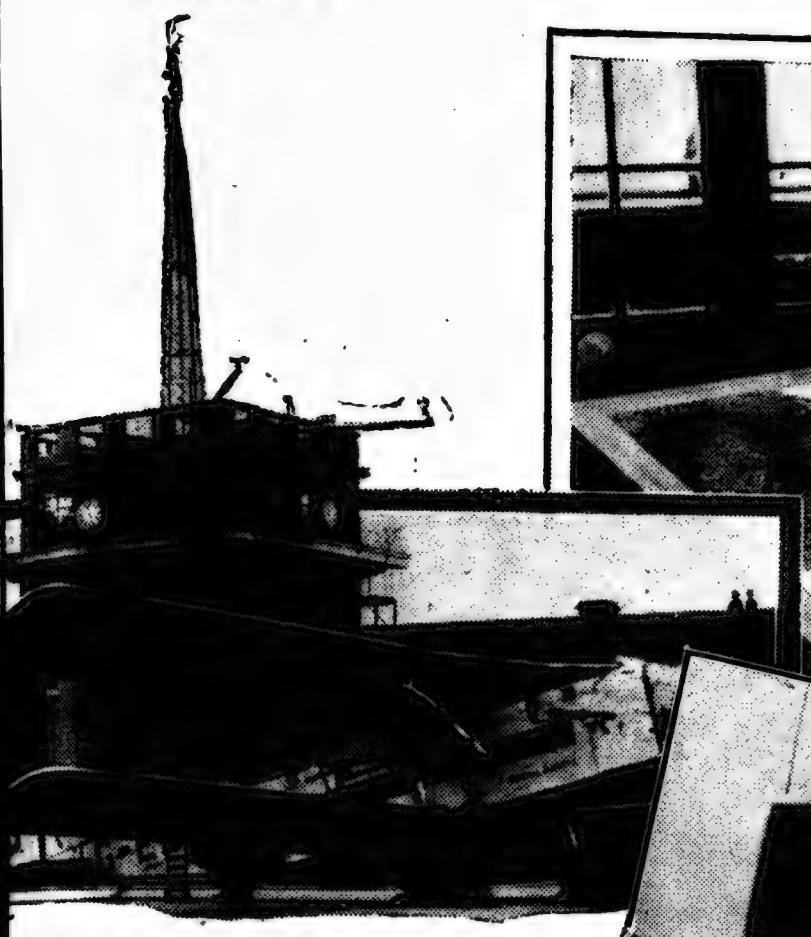
The control tower at Croyd... "whe... and 'mothered' during ... dr...

* * *

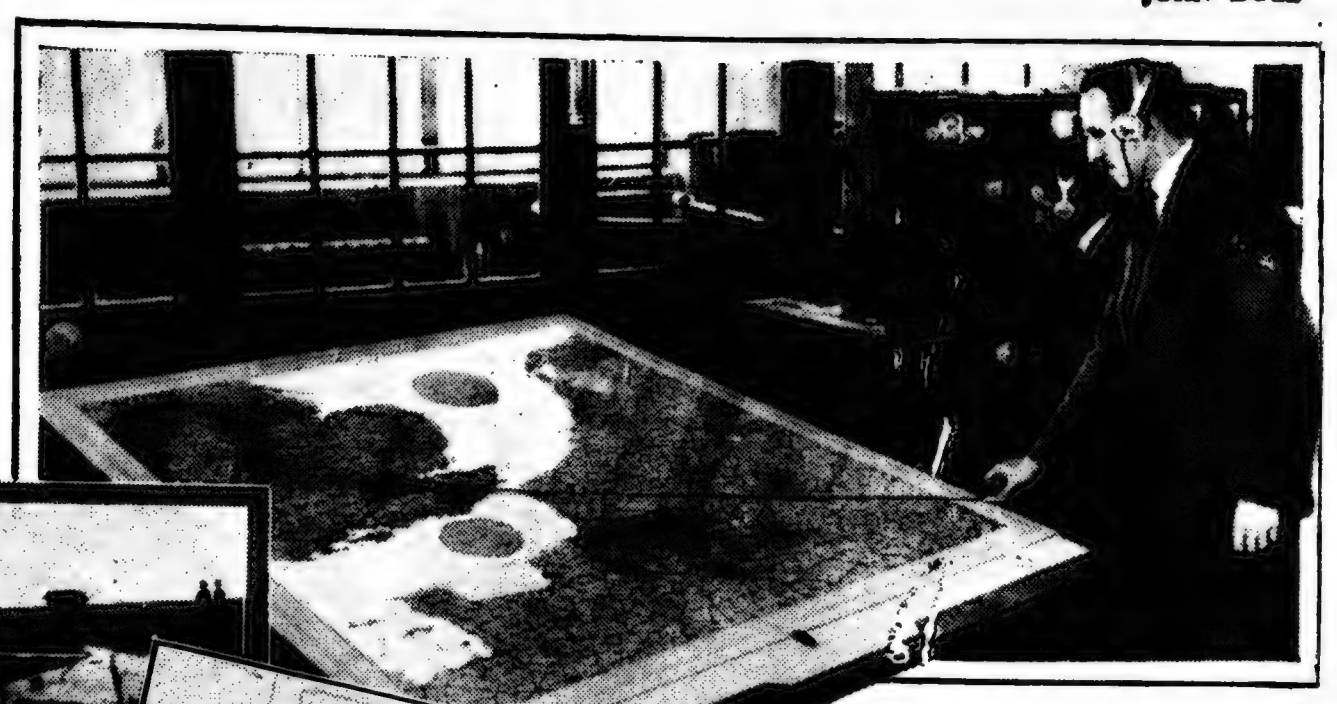
There are watching for us—by day and by night—Englishmen, Frenchmen, Germans, Spaniards, Italians, at their posts in great cities or in isolated stations upon hill-tops, moors or sea-washed cliffs.

Steady, sensitive and accurate,

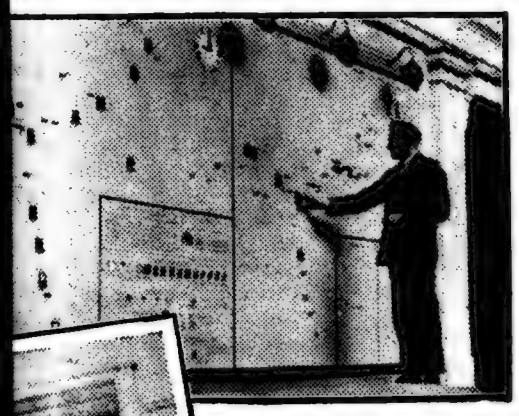
A beacon on the Croydon-Paris air-route. At the first sign of a fog its red glare streams up and guides pilots safe to earth



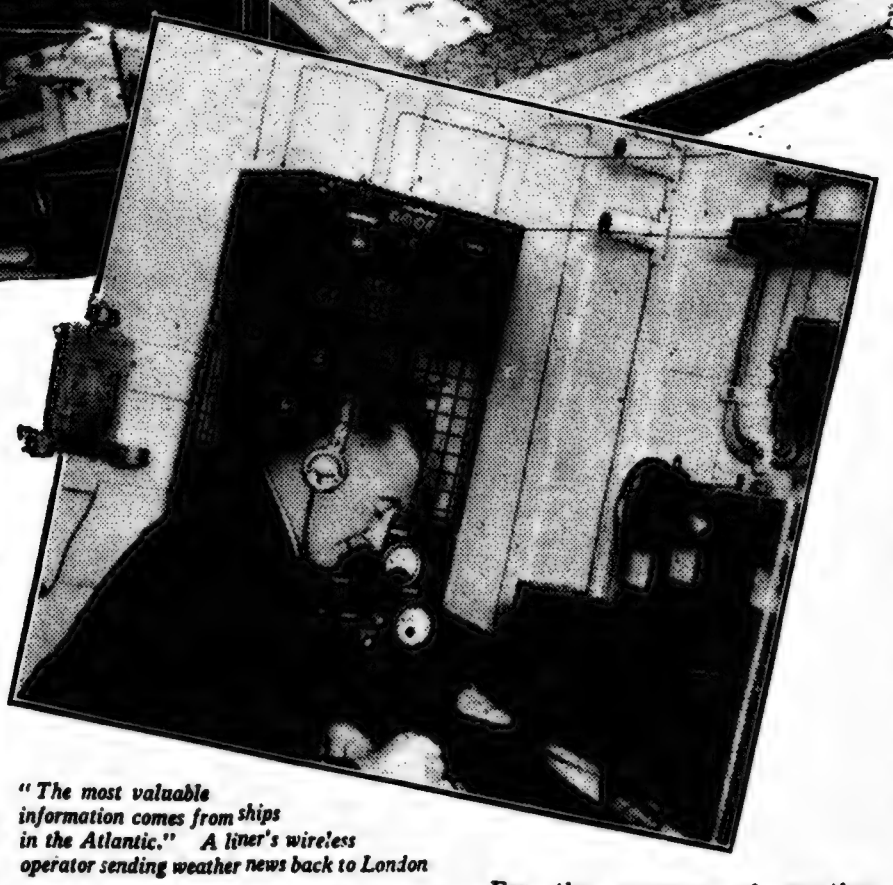
"whence 'planes are guided, advised ir droning rush across the skies"



"Where does this happen? Up above Croydon Airport, in the concrete control-tower"



This big map of Europe at Croydon holds all the weather and flying news for a thousand miles round



"The most valuable information comes from ships in the Atlantic." A liner's wireless operator sending weather news back to London

This "arrivals and departures" indicator, just like the one at a railway terminus, shows you how much traffic uses Croydon Airport

with the aid of delicate and intricate instruments, they are noting for our benefit every vagary of climate. Here is genuine internationalism—a world-wide unity for service.

And in the centres, where the reports are received, they are forecasting, from a sequence of charts they are diagnosing, future changes in the weather, in temperature, rainfall and the conflicts of air-currents.

The forecaster for aviation, of course, makes a special study of the weather along the air routes. The pilot about to depart not only has at his disposal the very latest reports on the weather along his prospective route, but also the forecaster at Croydon tells him what changes he may expect.

"The wind's all right now," the forecaster will tell a pilot just about to leave the airport. "But by the time you get to the French coast there'll be some low cloud and rain, and the cloud will come right down over Beauvais."

Or maybe the report will show that there is a thick fog over Paris; but the pilot will be told that by the time he gets there the fog will have cleared.

So he starts, confident of making a safe landing.

Ten years ago, when weather science was younger, this would not have been the case. The flight would not have been attempted.

But supposing further changes occur when once the pilot is in the air?

He will still hear of them while flying. All weather reports are passed on to Croydon, and those which affect our pilot are flashed to him through the ether.

Every air station is instructed to report at least once an hour to Croydon. But if a sudden change in the weather occurs between two regular reports, then it must immediately be passed on to the control-tower.

These reports, it must be remembered, are the special aviation weather observations, and not the general weather reports which are incorporated into the daily news and the B.B.C. bulletins.

For the purpose of weather reports, Europe is divided into regions. Each region, in its turn, is divided into six sub-regions.

These sub-stations transmit their reports by wireless on the regional wave-length, but at different times.

For the safety of aviation, the regions must supply very frequent and detailed forecasts. Therefore, the general weather reports, which come in every six hours, are not sufficient. Besides these, special charts are made at 10 a.m. and 4 p.m.

In addition, Croydon and Lympne send out full reports, including barometer and thermometer readings, every three hours.

Always at work

This is the basis of a complete and very satisfactory system of route reporting, which safeguards civil aviation about as adequately as could ever be devised.

Between Croydon and Paris, as between other international stations, an intimate liaison exists. Every half-hour a brief report is exchanged between them. In the case of variable weather, the reports are, of course, fuller.

Besides this tremendous aviation service, the Clerks of the Weather at Adastral House control another meteorological service, which undertakes important scientific research in "climatology."

This work is carried on at eleven observatories and branch establishments, besides receiving data from the Air Ministry's sixteen aviation service stations.

Another extremely valuable branch of the meteorological work is the service of gale warning carried out through stations at Workington, Bridlington, the Isle of May, and other places.

Last year, gale warnings were issued to ships at sea for 92 per cent. of the gales which actually occurred. The great importance to mariners of this service will easily be appreciated.

"International" weather

International meetings are held at intervals by the International Commission for Synoptic Weather Information. This body, which includes practically all European countries, has done extremely valuable work in the standardisation of codes and means of measurement.

An international code now exists for the telegraphing of weather reports, which can be understood by a wireless operator, no matter what language he speaks.

* * *

Are you thinking of going down the river this Sunday? There may not be another chance this year. Or how about a day trip with the missus and kids to the seaside?

The first thing you think of is the weather, after you have decided you can afford the jaunt. And you hunt through your newspaper or anxiously listen in, in order to discover what the Clerks of the Weather have to say.

In a towering office building in London men are bending over charts, as reports come in from stations at home and abroad, and from ships.

Over on the left of the chart, in the Atlantic, there is a pear-shaped blank amidst sweeping, curved lines which indicate air-currents.

"There is a big depression here," says the expert, pointing to the centre. "If this centre moves over this way, it means danger for aircraft."

But they've got their eye on old man depression-centre, and if he budges dangerously they'll do their best to frustrate his knavish tricks by warning mariners and aviators of his intentions; and they'll even see that we don't risk spoiling our week-end and ruining the old lady's new frock.

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Friendly, restful little smokes these Manikins—calm consolation in every puff.

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LASTS LONGEST! Of Ironmongers everywhere

MOREHOUSE

"She was carrying a cross, fashioned crudely . . . and bloodstains of her toil were on the bleached wood"

A TRUE STORY

of the strangest love affair in the WAR

by

Frank H. Shaw

Illustrated by Leslie Otway

ANY man who saw a few phases of the Great War knows that reality beats imagination every time. Coincidences that in fiction would be scoffed at happened as monotonously as trench-duty; "human interest" stories were as common as "coalboxes," and previous dealers in artificial romance—myself among them—were staggered by the limitations of fancy.

Early 1915: foul weather, sleet in the air and a raw wind blowing; mud—God, the mud!—and my company trudging back from its forward position in the line to rest-billets, with the warning in our ears that we might be recalled at short notice; for everyone knows how thinly our line was held in early 1915.

So we welcomed the idea of rest-billets, under a roof, in clean straw maybe—without the nerve-shattering threat of shellfire and zero-hour attack. Even Morehouse, my company sloven, betrayed something akin to animation. This is Morehouse's story, not mine.

I'd given Morehouse up in despair; so had the sergeant-major; so had his section sergeant. He might have had brains, but they were too deeply hidden for us to find. His normal expression was that of a bewildered bullock—and before he came to favour us with his help he'd been a cow-herd on a bleak, moorland farm in Yorkshire.

If Morehouse had been mentally sound beforehand, the drudgery to which he had been subjected had unquestionably softened his brain. He simply could not learn. He never got angry; but he never showed pleasure. He ate much as an animal eats.

Instructed to do the most ridiculous things, he did them, but he could not keep himself even ordinarily clean; and could not even dress himself. His puttees generally hung in tights.

He had apparently no friends; no letters came to him, he never wrote any to my knowledge. When he wasn't actually standing blindly to attention he lolled, mouth open, hands loosely pendent between his knees, staring into vacancy.

He was always the last to be served from the dixies; and he seemed always to be washing up someone else's eating-gear.

Of course, I'd issued orders against victimisation; but—Morehouse was born to be victimised. The sergeant-major said witheringly: "I've done my best; everyone done his best; but 'im, sir, he won't neither steam, steer nor anchor!"

We were allotted a stenchful Flanders farm for billets. It was owned by a man who had hidden under a barn floor during the enemy occupation, what time his wife had entertained her guests in such fashion that the place was left to a certain extent unmolested.

This woman had the mentality of a Prussian sergeant magnified to the *n*th degree. She employed a wench, a general girl-of-all-work; a slatternly, unkempt, dirty half-woman of about seventeen.

She might, from her appearance, have been picked from the same litter as Morehouse. Draggletailed she was, seemingly semi-imbecile; and from earliest cockcrow to late night her name was everlastingly on Madame's lips, in a strident scream that would have made a factory-siren envious.

My first waking recollection the morning after arrival was of hearing "Marie!" with accompanying vituperations, screeched from a window near-

(*Continued on page 24.*)

Estelle Brody delighted with Sarony's smoothness in the *Blindfold Test*

Famous Screen Star tells why she gave her vote to Sarony

"I can tell you—it's not the most enjoyable way to smoke a cigarette blindfolded. For some uncanny reason it brings out the bad points of a cigarette so much more than the good. In the Blindfold Test, the Sarony really did deserve my vote. I had no hesitation in picking it. It had such a smooth, distinctive flavour—a 'taste' of its own. Saronys for me—from now on."

Estelle Brody

ESTELLE BRODY

Estelle Brody has scored many brilliant successes in Gaumont-British films of recent years—the most notable of which was her "star" part in "Madamoiselle from Armentieres." Her latest appearances are in "Kitty" and "The Plaything"—two British International "talkies."

THE BLINDFOLD TEST

Test No. 69. 12/7/29.

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YOU PICK OUT SARONYS FOR THEIR SMOOTHNESS

Issued by United Kingdom Tobacco Co. (1929) Ltd.

Full of Fight at 47

Naval Commander Praises Kruschen

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Commander, R.N., Southsea.

August 26th, 1929.

And what a simple explanation! The six salts in Kruschen provide just that gentle daily aid your internal organs require to enable them to perform their work properly. These vital salts keep your liver and kidneys in a top-notch of efficiency so that they free your system of all poisonous waste matter, and, consequently, cleanse and refresh your blood.

Tasteless in Tea.

KRUSCHEN SALTS

Good health for a farthing a day.

Every Chemist sells Kruschen in 6d., 1.-, and 1/9 bottles. A 1/9 bottle lasts three months—a farthing a day for health and happiness. Get a bottle to-day.

ON LEAVING SCHOOL

AND THE CHOICE OF A CAREER

SIR CHARLES WAKEFIELD

helps parents to solve their great problem in the pages of his admirable and far-sighted book, 'On Leaving School.' Out of the storehouse of his great experience and knowledge of present-day conditions and the needs of the future, the author has provided a true 'guide, philosopher and friend'

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MEAD

Dept. G 186) Birmingham.

"MOREHOUSE"—*continued from page 22*

by where I slept; and as I was dropping off to sleep last thing at night I would hear "Marie!" as earnestly and vindictively as ever.

Marie did everything. She fed the pigs, milked the cows, stacked the manure-heap, scrubbed the farmhouse, cleaned the byres, yoked herself to the farm-wagon with the ox; she was nothing less than a bond-slave.

My own men—none of them over-fastidious in their amorous pursuits—took no notice of Marie. She was incredibly ugly; and she was as feminine as a female hippopotamus might be supposed to be. She had shameful putties wound about her shins; and I suppose her rat-tailed hair never knew a comb.

The second morning in billets I wakened before réveillé. I looked out across the manure-heap, and I saw Morehouse trying to assault Marie—at least, that was what I took it to be.

She had a yoke on her shoulders, with two monstrous tubs of pig-wash pendent, and she was resisting my sloven's advances, until he bodily lifted the yoke from her stooped, deformed shoulders and transferred it to his own. Then I understood.

HE spoke no word of French—not even the average Tommy's smattering. He knew about seventy-five words of English only—at least, I never heard him use more.

Marie knew as little English as Morehouse knew French. Neither had sufficient intelligence to use signs; and yet—it must have been a common bond of suffering that taught them understanding.

Morehouse carried the tubs of pig-wash to their destination, the girl trudging behind him. As he emptied the contents, Madame wakened and screamed, "Marie, perfide!" Marie, expressionless, caught the lightened yoke, and shambled back to the yard.

Hearing laughter among the men at dinner-time, I asked the sergeant-major how it came about.

"That there Morehouse is makin' up to that here Marie slut, sir!" I was informed, with hardly-concealed laughter tearing at discipline's bonds.

Morehouse was cleaning a pigsty, and most of the cleanings were going over himself, for he was a slovenly worker at his own trade even. Marie was itching to take the muck-fork from him; she was looking frightenedly over her shoulder, expecting her mistress to rate her.

But Morehouse laboured on, sweating profusely. When he went to the travelling kitchen for his dinner he received the heel of the meat in his tin and solemnly presented it to Marie, who ate meat but seldom. In his own tongue, loudly and slowly, he said: "Good, savvy; good!"

IT was, of course, sympathy that worked in Morehouse's inchoate soul. He himself had lived as this pitiful woman lived now; the butt of all, the slave of all. These two could not talk together, but Morehouse used his language of labour.

The men laughed, Madame scolded—Morehouse stolidly pursued his course. He had no interest in soldiering, no patriotic impulse, no pride; but the heavy tasks of a farmyard he did understand; and he knew this ailing girl was shamefully overworked. He was always in the section sergeant's bad books.

In common with the rest of his comrades, he drew five francs per week of his pay. This did not leave much of a margin after cigarettes, beer, coffee and extra bread were bought, but he contrived to buy a lighter muck-fork which he presented to Marie—surname unknown. Surely the quaintest love-gift ever devised.

Morning by morning he arose long before réveillé and did her heavier tasks for her. I gather there was no courtship in the accepted sense of the word—they never talked; I never so much as saw them smile.

When rest was over and we went up the line again, Marie watched us march out, and she was leaning on the gifted muck-fork, which Morehouse had used up to the last minute. She did not wave a hand, she did not call out.

Morehouse went past her with barely a glance; but I saw slow, terrible tears ooze from the girl's eyes, and I heard Morehouse sniff; his face was streaked, too. Even as I noticed this Madame was shrilling her loudest to Marie to hurry to work—to endless, soul-slaughtering work.

If I had hoped that the dawn of love would smarten Morehouse I was mistaken. He was brought before me, crimed by the sergeant for disorderly conduct. He had, it was said, almost throttled Grey, one of my smartest men.

The case was self-evident; an apparently unjustifiable attack. Having studied human nature, I asked the inner story. Grey, after the rum issue, had applied the unforgivable name to Marie in Morehouse's hearing.

Morehouse was the last man you'd expect to play knight-errant to the extent of upholding the fair fame of a lady. He'd done it, though.

He was killed before that tour of duty ended. He actually needn't have been, if he'd applied an instant's thought to his danger. But he had no imagination, and, accordingly, no sense of fear.

The enemy were shelling a place where some of our horses were stabled. I think Morehouse fancied the horses would be scared, so he went along the communication-trench to be beside them.

THE shell that disembowelled a horse—ugh! I seem to hear those screams to-day—fatally wounded him. They told me he was asking for me, so when it was possible I went to see him. I knew the surgeon of the first-aid station very well.

"Any minute now; but he doesn't know it," he told me. Morehouse didn't smile when he saw me. He simply stared wonderingly in front of him; wondering, maybe, why he should be required to suffer such agonies for no reason. He had something in his hand—that work-distorted hand; it was his paybook.

When he understood who was speaking to him he thrust the book at me, making inarticulate sounds. I opened it—it contained three separate franc notes—those local, dirty notes which served as change, and which were only negotiable in the town of issue.

He had been swindled by some patriotic Flanders estaminet-keeper; only one of the notes was of any worth! Not that he knew.

"FOR Marie?" I asked, since there are occasions when words are unnecessary. He grunted, and, his mind wandering somewhat, said clearly, "Bou!"

Then he died. Many of my men had died: not one so terribly, for I could feel that untutored soul fighting for utterance.

We went back to rest again. The quartermaster-sergeant had gone on ahead, as usual; they knew at the farm that we were coming, but the Q.M.S. did not know that Morehouse was dead.

Marie was at the gateway when we marched in to our old billet, leaning on the muck-fork, and Madame was screaming threats, just as when we marched out.

There was hunger in the girl's face as she scanned us one by one: hunger that changed to blank amazement when she saw Morehouse was not there. She went out and looked up the road, as if expecting him to straggle in. So—I had to tell her. Only her slowly oozing tears told of her distress.

Fortunately for me, I understood the thickened French they speak at Nerf Berquin, half-Flemish as it is. I told her, making a pretty heroic story out of it: about how Morehouse had gallantly gone about his duty under heavy fire, not to save a man, but simply to comfort some horses.

She, I think, whose work had been with horses, understood that side of it better. She had no cause to feel sympathetic towards men.

SHE asked me slow, awkward questions about where he was buried, after I had given her his death-gift, enriched by a few extra francs which I could just manage to spare.

I described the place in detail, since I had been present when the blanket-wrapped body was bestowed in the shell-torn, defiled earth.

She betrayed absolutely no other emotion than her slowly-oozing tears. But that night, the first in rest for a long while—since expected reliefs had been switched to another sector—I was kept awake by an incessant clumsy hammering and sawing, which I was at a loss to understand.

So exasperating was this sound that I turned out at first crack of dawn. I met Marie. Her rough, misshapen hands were scarred in a dozen places; there was blood on her coarse sacking apron. She was carrying a cross, fashioned crudely from two old wheel-spokes, and bloodstains of her toil were on the bleached wood.

She looked over her shoulder as she trudged down the yard, fearful lest that terrible taskmistress's voice should detect her. So, feeling somewhat worm-like and trifling, I walked beside her to the road.

"They won't let you pass," I said.

"But, yes, they will not forbid me—poor Marie! I must make haste to return before Madame——!" She set her face resolutely to the east, trudging solidly up the muddied *pavé*.

The world was very, very still, save for the low growl of the gunfire up around Lens. She seemed to have all that war-swept world to herself.

I seem just now to hear the last words she said to me ere setting forth on her pitiful pilgrimage.

"*C'etait un type chic, celui-la,*" she said, which, being interpreted colloquially, means: "'E was very good to me, 'e was!"

World-famous poets have raked the dictionaries to express themselves in love, and, to my way of thinking, have done it worse.

VALENTINE WILLIAMS' Real Life Story:

"The Investor"

The Odyssey of an old French peasant, who travelled across half the world to find his property

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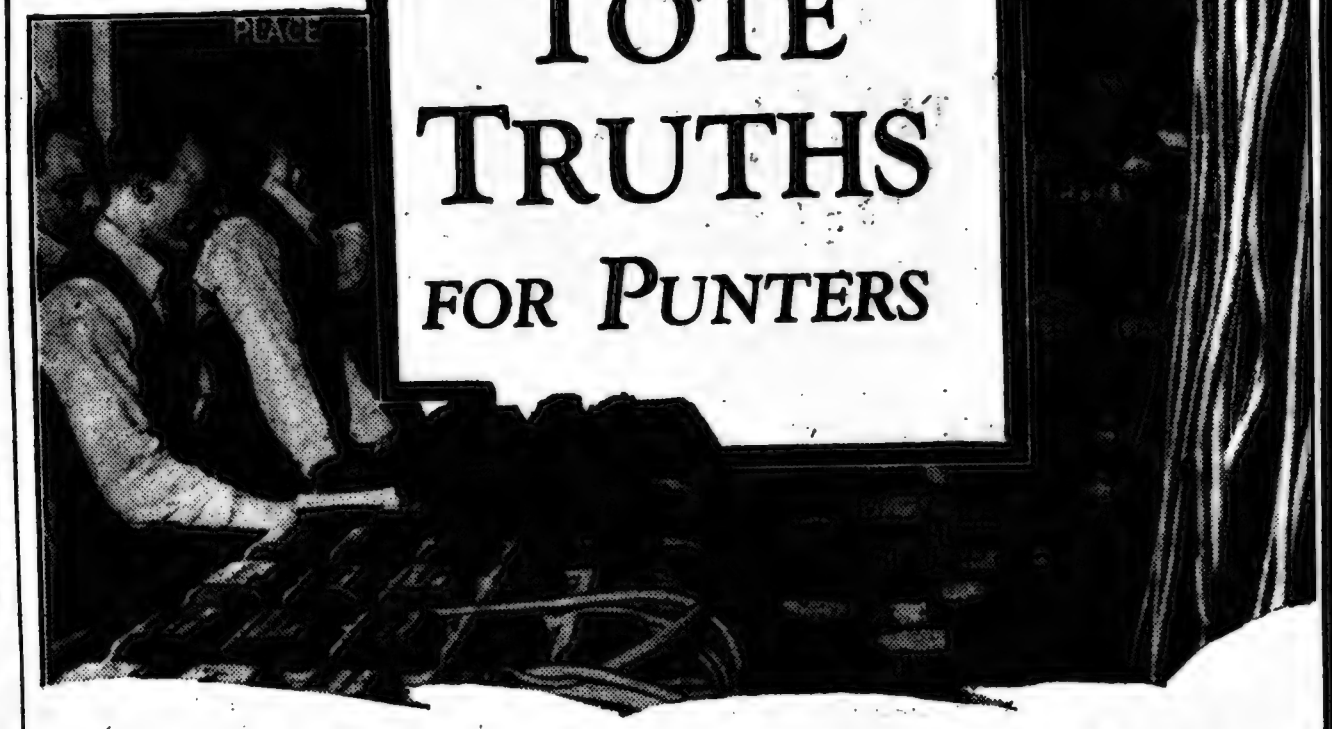

TOTE TRUTHS FOR PUNTERS

"THE 'tote's' a total washout!" During the past fortnight a chorus of condemnation on this note has run through certain daily newspapers.

What is more important, this chorus has certainly echoed the opinion held by a very large part of the general public.

Consider the case against the "tote" and its godparents in Britain, the Racecourse Betting Control Board.

This Board was established more than a year ago "to operate the Totalisator system." It has so far provided racegoers with "tote" betting on thirty-five days.

Doing the grand

The public has invested, in round figures, £380,000 at its little windows, so that by deducting its allowance of 6 per cent., plus fractions, the Board has earned revenue of £28,500.

Against this it has erected "tote" buildings on various racecourses, ordered costly mechanical "tote" machines, engaged a large staff, and established its headquarters in a considerable suite of perfectly delightful offices in St. James' Street, London—all among the swell clubs, hatters and motor-car body builders.

Moreover, on several occasions, the Board has promised a "tote" and then broken its word. There was no "tote," for example, at Newbury Autumn Meeting last Friday and Saturday.

So it comes down to this: the Board has certainly spent six times as much money as it has earned; promised to achieve wonders which it has not fulfilled; set itself up on a lavish scale not yet justified by its performance.

(There is also another black mark against the Board in many minds—the Julius Totalisator squabble. But let us deal with the main issues first, and return to that later.)

Has the Board any reasonable explanation, defence—or even excuse—to offer against this composite indictment?

Great apologisers

The Board has published an immense amount of mingled information and apologies about itself.

Sir Clement Hindley, its chairman, has gone out of his way to take the public into his confidence.

And yet, amid this multiplication and repetition of information, we haven't been able to make out just how things stand.

Therefore let us try to make out an impartial case for the "tote" and the Board from observed facts and admitted inferences.

The Board cannot escape blame for "biting off more than it could chew." It set out to establish "tote" betting (either pari-mutuel or full mechanised "tote") on seventeen racecourses this season.

This was ridiculous. A trial year, with full equipment on six courses, would have been more sensible.

But plenty of organisations, in the first flush of their new-born vigour, have made the same mistake. A first excess of zeal does not mean inevitable failure. Besides, although its officials will not admit it, the Board already realises, rues and has repented this error.

The problem which the Board is really "up against" is that of discovering a first-rate portable "tote," which can be carried round from meeting to meeting in motor-vans.

In France and Australia, where "totes" succeed so well, racing is centralised at a few big courses. Here it is decentralised at courses scattered all through the land.

A big fixed "tote" costs round about £50,000. How can the Board afford machines like this at courses only used for (say) five days' racing a year?

"Tote" for Ascot

Epsom, Ascot, Newmarket and Doncaster are perhaps the only courses where such installations will pay. They will all get them in time. Ascot will probably have its outfit working next year: Epsom will not be provided with a "tote" till 1931.

The machines so far built or building for the Board have been supplied by three firms: the Graham Amplion Company, the Lightning Automatic and the British Automatic Companies. None of the apparatus yet supplied has been presented for public use.

The Board, however, believes that a first-class all-British "tote" will soon be evolved, which will be reasonably cheap, portable and fool-proof. It is inferred that directly the Board have tested such a "tote," it will order examples of it in large numbers.

But, why hasn't the Board bought Julius "totes," which work so excellently in France and Australia? Why are they waiting for a "perfect" "tote," when here it is claimed they have just what they need?

There are two sides to this question.

First, the Board's position. The Julius "tote" is only suitable for large permanent installations. When such installations are discussed, there is no reason why the Julius should not receive equal chances with every other machine.

Moreover, when the holders of the Julius patents in Britain tendered to the Board for supplying machines, they asked for a percentage of turnover and would guarantee no dates of delivery.

Now hear the Julius' contentions. The percentage on turnover stipulation has been abandoned; but the Board, when informed of this, and of the company's desire to quote competitive prices for machines, sent only a formal acknowledgment of the letter.

Not much tact

The truth of the squabble probably is that the Julius is not suitable for small or infrequent meetings, and that possibly the Julius company has not employed the most tactful methods in its certainly vehement efforts to sell its machinery to the Board.

The Board, however, whatever "totes" it buys, cannot hope to be self-supporting for some years. Before all the racecourses it has in mind are equipped it will have spent several hundreds of thousands of pounds.

To get this back alone it will have to induce the public to invest at least as many millions in its "totes."

But, if the "totes" come and prove efficient, public support will certainly follow. Even the meagre experience at present gained shows that, if it pays out quickly, the public love the "tote."

In fact, the accusations that the Board's present "tote" buildings are too small really mean that their betting-windows were too popular. This criticism, then, is unfair. You can't accuse the Board of failing and succeeding too well at the same time.

Rocks ahead

There are plenty of rocks and storms ahead of the Board. It must stop being so high-and-mighty. It must be less ambitious, and more practical.

It must take the public into its confidence fully, because its success lies finally in the hands of the public, who hate being mystified and left in ignorance more than they hate anything else.

Yet, if it perseveres and is humble enough to learn from its mistakes, the Board will establish, popularise and earn revenue out of the "tote."

This will be all for racing's good. Don't heed the moaning bookmaker. The sound bookmaker will not be hurt; only the rotten man is going to be turned out of business. After all, the bookmaker's book is a "tote" in itself.

And your bet with the book, not with the man.

When Summer ends-

FARMERS and gardeners may grumble at our rainless summer. But workers who have gathered health in the glorious sunshine during the week-ends and holidays have no grumbles.

And now it is passing! Misty mornings and falling leaves tell of the approach of the long, dark, dreary winter. It is easy to be healthy in the summer, but it is most difficult to maintain that summer health when winds are cold and skies are leaden with rain or snow.

But the sunshine has done more than give summer health to individuals. It has ripened the waving barley—filled it also with summer health. Soon it will be turned into malt—retaining still all the health elements the sun has put into it. The grass—also irradiated with sunshine—has been made into hay for the winter food of the cows. The milk they will give will retain those summer health elements.

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Remember that every ingredient of "Ovaltine" supplies rich health-giving nutriment. The egg constituent is specially valuable, because eggs provide lecithin (organic phosphorus)—an essential requirement for building up brain and nerves.

Make this perfect product of the summer's sunshine your daily beverage. Commence to-day. There is nothing to equal the concentrated goodness it supplies to every part of your system. Every element necessary for health is contained in this delicious and fragrant beverage. It is the most economical form of concentrated nourishment in the world.

Prices in Great Britain and Northern Ireland,
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P 587

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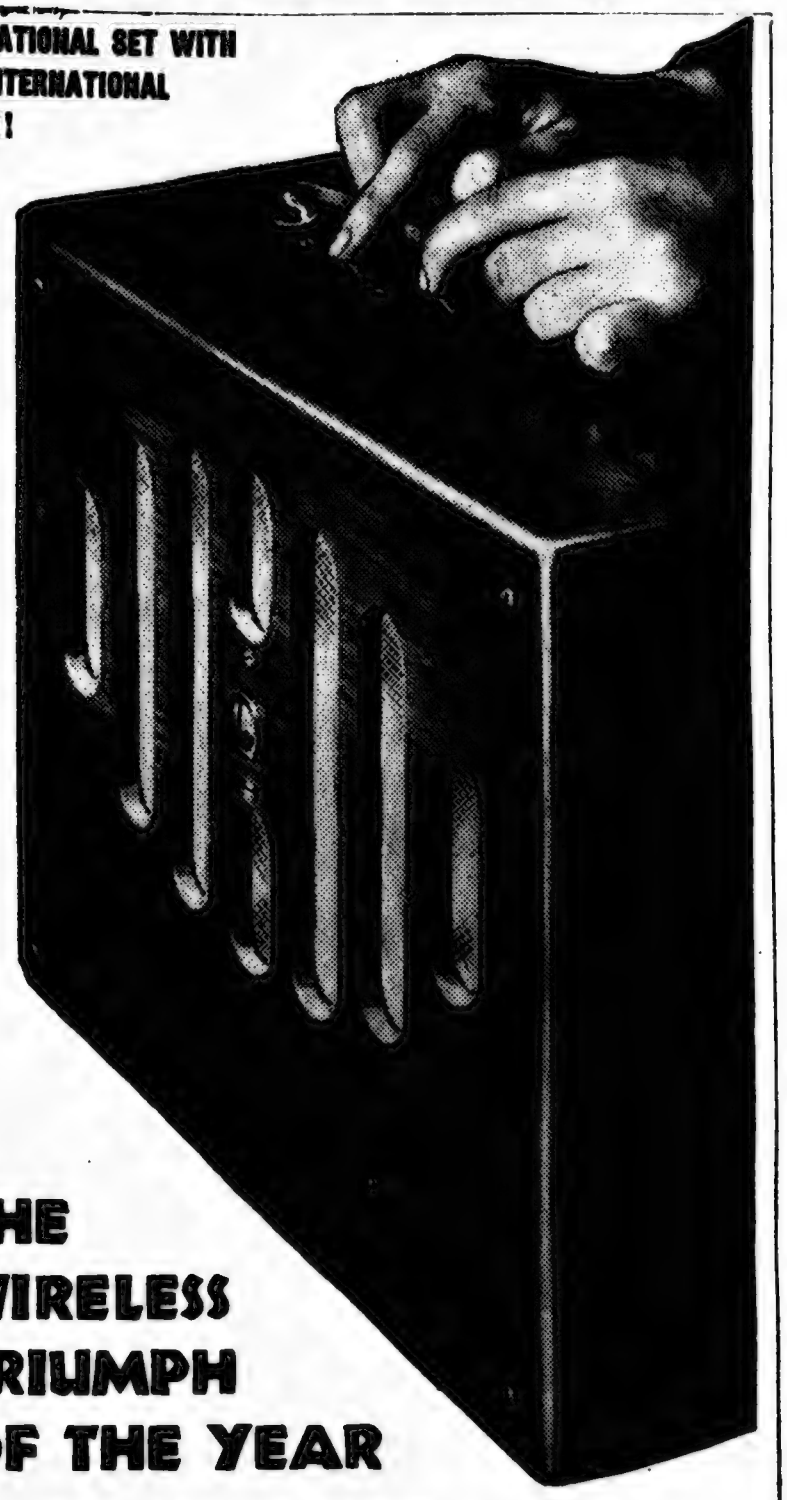

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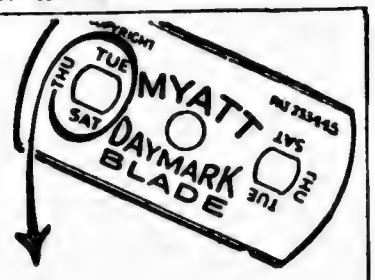

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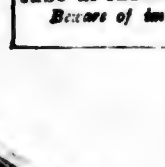

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Beware of imitations and inferior substitutes.

Blood Feuds of HIGH FINANCE

"How much have we lost?" Excited speculators outside the Stock Exchange after the Hatry crash. The portrait is of Mr. Campbell, the chairman of the Exchange Committee, now being keenly criticised

THE City for most people is the centre of investment, the money market of the world; the place whence flows capital to feed great national and international industries.

But for a few it is a battle-ground where fortune waits for the victor and ruin for the defeated. To them it is a gambling-ground more rich in promise than any Continental casino or famous racecourse.

So sensitive is the free market of the Stock Exchange that shares rise or fall in value on all sorts of reports.

That is the speculator's opportunity. If he can buy shares just before they begin to rise he can make large sums. Equally, if he knows a share is going to fall, he can turn it to advantage.

Under the Stock Exchange regulations the settlement of the money involved in share dealings is made at the end of certain periods of usually a fortnight's duration, although they are sometimes three weeks. These periods are called "Accounts."

At the end of each account there is a settlement day on which business is cleared up. On that day money has to be paid for all shares which have been bought, and money is received for all shares which have been sold.

It is, however, possible to delay settlement until the end of the next account by payment of interest on the money involved. This interest is termed the contango rate. It varies according to the Stock Exchange opinion of the security of each share.

The speculator rarely pays for all the shares he buys. All he pays is a small sum as security, termed a margin on the shares. He gambles on a quick rise which will enable him to sell the shares for more than he bought them before the end of the account.

What "contango" is

He will then receive the difference between the price at which he bought and the price at which he sold as his profit, without ever actually putting down much money.

If the shares have not gone up sufficiently by the end of the account he will pay contango to "carry over"—that is, delay settlement—until the end of the next account, in the hope that by then the shares will have risen sufficiently.

If he gambles on shares rising in value he is called a "bull," because a bull tosses things upwards with his horns.

On the other hand, he may gamble on shares falling. He is then called a "bear," because bears trample down.

The speculator who believes that a share will fall in value will go to the broker, who acts as his agent in all such transactions, and although he probably holds none of the shares in question, will instruct his broker to sell 1,000 or 10,000 or 20,000 as the case may be.

He hopes that before the end of the account those shares will have fallen, so that he will be able to buy the same number at a considerably less figure.

He may sell 10,000 shares at 30s. each, a total of £15,000, and buy them later at £1 each, a total of £10,000. He then makes as his profit the £5,000 difference.

Ruining Jimmy White

He also can arrange to carry over into the next account if he desires and is ready to pay the rate required.

Within such a system fights between the "bulls" who are gambling on a rise and the "bears" who are gambling on a fall are inevitable.

Not long ago such a fight, as bitter as it was dramatic, took place between Jimmy White, the Lancashire company-promoter who started life as a bricklayer in Rochdale, and other interests. That fight culminated in the suicide of Jimmy White—a ruined man.

In this case the battle was in the shares of British Controlled Oilfields. White bought British Controlled shares for a quick rise. Every time he bought, his opponents sold.

By these tactics the shares were prevented from rising.

The battle in the shares continued. White realised that he had bought more shares than he could pay for, and that there was no hope of his selling out at a profit before settlement-day.

He hoped desperately, however, that the other interests had sold more shares than they could obtain if delivery were called for.

But he had miscalculated. There were more shares for sale on the market than he realised.

The others could deliver the shares they had sold. He had no money to pay for those he had bought. He could no longer afford to pay the contango rate required and defer settlement. There was no way of escaping ruin.

In some cases the "bears" are caught. They sell more shares than they possess or can purchase. They hope by such tactics to frighten those who actually hold into selling.

They estimate that large quantities of shares will be thrown on the market, the price will slump heavily, and they will be able to buy all they need to deliver at low prices.

But those who oppose them can hold. They refuse to sell. Instead they buy more and thus hold the price steady. It becomes a battle of nerve and money.

Finally the buyers call for delivery of the shares they have bought. They refuse to allow settlement to be delayed any longer. The "bears" must buy shares in order to fulfil the contract.

As soon as they start buying, the price goes up. They have to pay far more than the price at which they sold. If their opponents have obtained sufficient control, and hold the majority of the shares on the market, they can levy a fantastic toll.

Such, in outline, is the method by which big share deals on the Stock Exchange are carried on.

In practice, many technicalities come in. In order to hide their operations speculators buy through the big banks, which act as their nominees. Only the names of the banks as nominees appear in the records of the share dealings. The principals behind the deal are kept carefully secret.

Frequently a master-speculator will hide his tracks by buying shares to a small extent in his own name, while his secret agents sell large quantities.

You may suffer

But, though the ordinary investor is ignorant of the forces at play on the Stock Exchange, he may suffer heavily.

Shares which he holds are, for no reason connected with their real value, driven down in a gigantic "bear" operation. He may find them worth half what they were a day or two before for no reason that he can see.

Probably he becomes nervous and sells at a serious loss. And, all unknowingly, by selling he has helped the man who has engineered the fall.

Or else a share may suddenly, under a big market operation, soar to fantastic heights. The man-in-the-street rushes in to buy in the hope of quick profits, only to see the shares come tumbling back when the big operators have got out and made their profit.

The big Stock Exchange speculator need have nerves of iron, and be able to bluff to the last if he is to be successful. He must be absolutely ruthless. He may make a fortune of several millions. He may crash so badly that there is no hope of recovery.

Whether he wins or loses, he brings misfortune to many thousands of innocent people who have been used as pawns in the golden game of the Stock Exchange.

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in exact quantity must be used. A 4½d. carton contains 6 and an 8½d. carton 12 separate pint pkts—the exact quantity to make a perfect custard.

Blue Foster-Mothers in Law

SHE stands unobtrusively, in her neat suit of blue, at the street corner. Some people sneer at her — "a policewoman!" What is the use of her?

Supposing a smash-and-grab gang raided the shop-window of the jeweller's on the opposite corner. Could she tackle them? Men twice her size, desperate, armed. . . .

People pass on laughing at the very idea of it.

A few minutes later an obvious woman of the streets is talking to her. The woman has found a young girl working in an "hotel" in a certain part of the district.

"Poor kid, she's just up from Wales. Doesn't know what sort of place she's landed in. All coloured men. Thought I'd tell you, miss, in case you'd like to go round and have a word with her."

It must be a difficult world for reformers if young girls are being prevented from downfall through women of the streets! But in her official existence the policewoman has heard of stranger things than that.

Saved from—what?

The girl is intercepted on her first afternoon out. Certain facts are pointed out tactfully and kindly by the policewoman and her inspector.

At first the girl resents the interference. She's got no money, anyway. How can she clear out?

She is finally persuaded to go along and see Inspector Campbell or someone else among the fine women who work under the red light which shines over the crypt door at St. Martin-in-the-Fields Church, Trafalgar Square, London.

A few days later she's safe in a respectable job.

Outside Charing Cross Station six burly policemen were trying to take a woman in charge. In the struggle she had practically undressed herself. The crowd were jeering the police.

"We'll take a taxi and get out of this, shall we?" said a woman P.C., arriving quietly and picking up the clothes. "Come along."

The woman went along without a word.

* * *

"Our power is, and always must be, moral," says Sergeant Miles, chief of the Women Police of Birmingham.

Birmingham is a great town which attracts hundreds of runaway girls like a magnet. At home, in the dreary industrial areas, in the lonely villages, life is dull.

Found in time

A lift on a passing lorry and the high-spirited little rebel, a few shillings in her bag and a brown paper parcel under her arm, is in Birmingham. A few weeks later she is disillusioned. Then she becomes penniless, down-and-out.

By constant patrolling, in plain-clothes and in uniform, round the museums and public galleries and in station waiting-rooms, Birmingham policewomen find these young girls before it is too late.

Sergeant Miles tells a story of a hard-working, respectable North Country girl who had been deceived and left with a child. From sheer indifference she drifted on the streets of Birmingham, where the women police found her.

With careful handling they managed to instil fresh hope into her and found her work.

To-day she is in a well-paid and responsible post, where nobody suspects her past.

* * *

A day in the life of the average policewoman is crowded with incident and variety. A typical day begins with an hour's plain-clothes observation of an open space, or some children's playground.

From there she proceeds to the Children's Court to hear the cases and see if her services are required. In the afternoon she probably puts on her uniform and goes on patrol duty.

Found—two tired little lost folk. They feel safe with their new friend

Sometimes she is needed to take depositions and collect evidence from women and children who have been indecently or criminally assaulted.

On patrol a few women meet her for a short talk. Possibly a woman wanting money to tide her over the period until she gets a respectable job. A word in the police-court a day or two previously brings her along. The magistrate has given her a last chance.

A waitress sidles up with certain information about the restaurant where she is employed. If it is late at night, a pretty young girl going home from a party asks if she may stand beside the policewoman till her 'bus comes.

Later still, a woman, stranded for the night, asks where she can find shelter. She is taken along to an approved lodging-house and often the policewoman pays the bill.

Arriving back at the station, she is frequently asked to search a woman in the cells or attend the doctor who wishes to examine a girl brought in doped or drunk.

Although the policewoman's hours of duty are the same as a male police-constable, she usually voluntarily accepts extra duties when her day is finished. She is usually a policewoman because she lives for her work and is happy doing it.

Her wages vary according to the town in which she is stationed.

In Reading, for example, she is paid on the same scale as men. In London, she comes under the Baird scale—60s. a week, rising to 80s., for policewomen; 90s., rising to 100s., for sergeants. Inspectors draw 100s. a week, rising to 116s. Policewomen have come to stay. They have proved their worth many times over in the splendid service they have performed. They can do many things better than men, as the Chief Constable of Birmingham testifies.

"The police authorities have every reason to be pleased with the state of this city," said Sir Charles Rafter in his 1928 report.

Where they're "splendid"

"The number of street offences has been halved, as compared with previous returns. The improvement owes much to the work of the women police. . . . who have done such splendid, useful work. . . .

"I look forward soon to obtain an increase in their numbers."

Could there be a more generous tribute to this splendid body?

The LAST LAUGH

"No one can make fun of me now"

TWO happy women with a smile to every sentence, they share the first prize of £500 in JOHN BULL'S Crossword Competition No. 29. They are Mrs. E. S. B. Tait, of 36, Avenue Road, Anerley, S.E., and Mrs. M. Winter, of 10, Park Avenue South, Hornsey, N.

"I feel horribly excited," declared Mrs. Tait when a JOHN BULL representative called to congratulate her. "No one can make fun of me now.

"I have persevered since your competitions started, in spite of what my family has said, and I have come out on top."

"I did not know I had submitted a correct solution," she continued, "until I received your letter telling me I had won a prize. The fact that I did not even check my entry shows how efficient the judging system must be."

Mrs. Tait turned to one of her two grown-up daughters. "You shall have the odd £50, my dears. That is what I shall do. We shall all benefit, and we shall use the money wisely and well."

* * *

There were gleeful shouts from two schoolchildren in Hornsey when the news reached their mother, Mrs. Winter.

"Crosswords are something of a hobby for me," said Mrs. Winter. "I always try to do better every week. This is a golden rule for anyone to follow, for success only comes to those who really try."

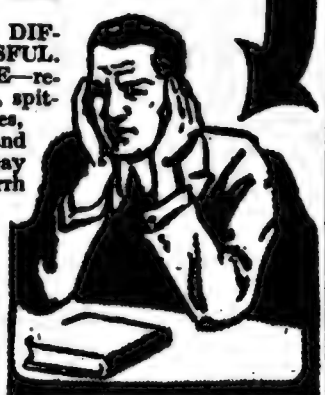
There is another Crossword Competition this week. Turn to page 36 and get some happiness for yourself.

YOU CAN BANISH YOUR CATARRH AND HEAD NOISES

I WILL TELL YOU HOW free

CATARRH is CURABLE! I know it! I've PROVED IT! And I'll prove it to YOU, free of cost, NOW! Never mind what you've tried, or how many times you've been disappointed. I KNOW you've not yet used the RIGHT method, and I want you to use it NOW—WITHOUT RISKING ONE PENNY.

It's a new way—entirely DIFFERENT AND SUCCESSFUL. Approaches Catarrh from the CORRECT ANGLE—removes the CAUSE. Under its influence hawking, spitting, sneezing, nose blowing, heartburn, headnoises, nausea, dizziness, and catarrhal headaches quickly and PERMANENTLY disappear. No need to wait and pay out a lot of money. You can stop your catarrh suffering OVERNIGHT!



Ringing, singing headnoises make it impossible to concentrate.

Catarrh is Dangerous!

CATARRH is DANGEROUS as well as UNPLEASANT. It induces physical and mental dullness—undermines your health, and weakens your will. Neglected, it leads to serious throat diseases, deafness, gastritis, asthma, bronchitis, and CONSUMPTION. Don't waste any more time or money on WORTHLESS INHALANTS, but ask me to tell you how you can get rid of your catarrh and head noises, not merely for a day, a week, a month, or a year, but permanently. Send no money—just tear out this announcement, write your name and full address on its margin, and post to-day.

No charge for the valuable information, and no obligation to act on it.

Allan Cooper
109, KINGSWAY,
LONDON, W.C.2

Stopped-up nostrils are a nuisance to yourself and others.

Partial deafness due to Catarrh lessens your efficiency.

HAVE YOU CATARRH?
Does your nose feel stuffed up?
Does mucus drop into your throat?
Have you noises in the head?
Is your hearing failing?
Do you catch cold easily?
Do you catch offensive breath?
Do you cough up phlegm?
Do you get throat sore?
Is your throat dry?
Is there a tickling in your throat?
Is your memory poor?
Do you get tired quickly?

DONT SEND ONE PENNY

ZAM-BUK

THE WORLD'S GREATEST HEALER

This herbal ointment is absolutely unequalled for cuts, bruises, burns, scalds, eczema, pimples, insect bites, sore feet, bad legs, ulcers, piles, poisoned wounds, scalp troubles, etc. "Rub it in" for strains and stiffness.

1/1 or 3/- family size boxes. Of all chemists.

GET A BOX TO-DAY

Constipated?

Irregular habits lead to listlessness, debility, depression anaemia, muddy complexion, and vague pains in various parts of the body. Bile Beans are the best corrective because they act naturally and evenly on the upper and lower bowels.

Bile Beans

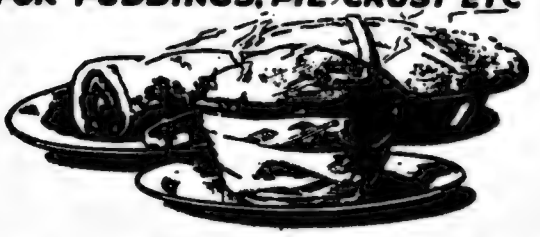
1/3 & 2/- box

PURELY VEGETABLE - SMALL DOSE

HUGON'S ATORA

The Good BEEF SUET

WITHOUT PRESERVATIVES
Ready Shredded
FOR PUDDINGS, PIE CRUST ETC



Send a post card for our free booklet of nearly 100 tested recipes; they are good ones.

HUGON & CO., LTD., *The originators of Refined Beef Suet*, MANCHESTER.

368s

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Graves 'Vulcan' 2-Valve Wireless Set is the World's greatest achievement in Wireless Value & Efficiency

LATEST DEVELOPMENT IN WIRELESS SCIENCE.

Even if you are only a beginner, this magnificent installation enables you to start where others leave off; or if you are an experienced wireless operator this superb set will give you a thrill of interest which you have never had before and a sense of power and command over the mysterious forces of the ether which will positively astonish and fascinate you.

DO NOT LET THE LOW BARGAIN PRICE £7:17:6 MISLEAD you into thinking that this is a cheap production; on the contrary, every component, both seen and unseen, is of first-rate quality, and the whole production is worth many pounds more than it is priced at. The Graves principle of business stands for Highest Quality, Lowest possible Price, Easiest Terms, and Immense Sales.

10/6 NOW

BRIEF SPECIFICATION.—The Cabinet is of polished figured Oak, beautifully finished with hinged lid so that all internal parts (including valves) can be easily got at if necessary. Dull Emitter Detector & Power Valves of proved efficiency, with anti-microphonic valve holders; latest type H.T. Battery; efficient 2-volt Accumulator, and complete Aerial Outfit. The Tuning Dials are of exceptional capacity and are accurately marked in minute divisions. THE LOUD SPEAKER is of exclusive design Cone Type, with metal shield at the back. It is specially constructed to co-operate with the Set, and is a highly superior production both as regards appearance & results. It is of graceful proportions in Oak (as illustrated) to match the Cabinet.

TERMS: Our Inclusive Bargain Price is for deferred payments. Send 10/6 now, and complete purchase in 14 Monthly Payments of 10/6 If you are entirely satisfied after trying the Outfit in your own home. Money back if disappointed.

ANOTHER BARGAIN

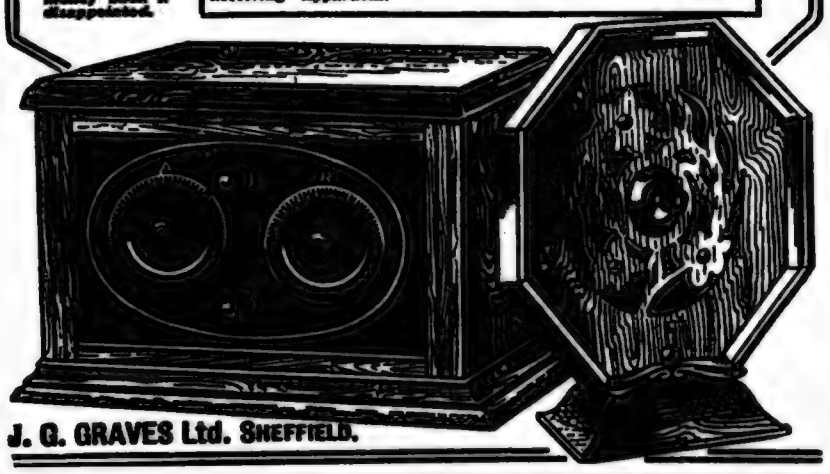
THE GRAVES SCREENED GRID 3-VALVE SET

Complete in every particular. Wonderful range & amazingly good reception. Exclusive Oak Cabinet & Cabinet Loud Speaker, and all components of the highest quality. Carriage Paid £12:15

TERMS: 15/- with Order, and 15/- Monthly.

WRITE FOR BEAUTIFULLY ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE FREE

Fullest Particulars and detailed specifications; also the newest types of dependable Portable Sets, and all varieties of high-class Receiving Apparatus.



J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD.

THE SECRET OF GOOD DIGESTION

Practically all forms of indigestion and stomach trouble are due to or accompanied by an abnormal condition known as acidity, which causes fermentation and the formation of gas. Correct this condition and all pain and distress instantly disappear. For this purpose the best thing known is to take a little 'Bisurated' Magnesia. This instantly neutralises the acid, stops the fermentation and formation of gas, and permits painless, normal digestion. Get a 1s. 3d. package of 'Bisurated' Magnesia (tablets or powder) from your chemist to-day, and take after eating or whenever pain is felt; you'll be astonished at the results—pain, distress, discomfort, and fullness all gone as if by magic. Nothing else relieves as quickly and surely as 'Bisurated' Magnesia, and for this reason sufferers from indigestion should never be without it.

Stop that Cold with VAPEX (REG. TRADE MARK) **INHALANT**

Simply put a drop of "Vapex" on your handkerchief and breathe the germ killing vapour which rises from it. This vapour becomes stronger and stronger as you inhale. You can feel it penetrating and clearing all the passages of the nose and throat.

Of Chemists 2/- & 3/-

W.S.6. THOMAS KERFOOT & CO. LTD.

I.XL Xmas Presents

All men are boys when it comes to appreciating a good Pocket Knife.

You cannot give a man a more useful present, or one that is more sure to be put to personal use, than a good I.XL Pocket Knife.

If you want good knives of any kind—knives that will really give lasting satisfaction, write to-day for the new twenty-eight page Catalogue of the celebrated I.XL Cutlery. It illustrates a wide range of Pocket Knives, Table Knives, Razors, Scissors, Carvers, and the wonderful I.XL Saw-edged Bread, Salad and Grape-Fruit Knives. It will be sent to you free, with the name and address of a dealer in your district who sells I.XL Cutlery.

GEO. WOSTENHOLM & SON, LTD., Wellington Street, Sheffield. (Established 1763).

Delivered for 9/-

THIS magnificent gramophone with 10 double sided records will be delivered free to your home on receipt of 9/-. Hand Carved oak cabinet, stands 38" high, has double spring motor, runs 8 minutes. Latest crystal clear and loud toned sound box. Many other models to choose from including all H.M.V. Columbia etc. Portables, Table Grands, Cabinets. All on easy terms. Write for free Catalogues No 45. All H.M.V. records stocked

WITH 10 DOUBLE SIDED RECORDS

Crane & Sons Limited 91 ROVER ST., LIVERPOOL.

PROBLEM OF A FATHER

ROBBED *of his* SON

by Tyrant Officials

ALTHOUGH a married man with four young children, I was amongst the first to join the Forces when the war broke out in 1914.

I left my little family well cared for and happy, so you can imagine my anxiety when, after being in France for over three years, my sister wrote to warn me that my wife was not doing her duty to the children.

That the warning was only too well founded became tragically apparent a little later, when news came that the woman I had loved and trusted had been sentenced to six months' imprisonment.

I obtained urgent leave and returned to find my home broken up, while my children were distributed in different institutions throughout the country.

Then, just before the Armistice, my wife died. I again obtained special leave, and saw that she received a decent burial.

As the years have passed, my three girls have all grown up and are doing well. Meanwhile, I have married again, and have succeeded in establishing a new home.

Now comes the one thing that mars my chances of happiness.

The youngest of my children who was taken away when my home was broken up during the war was a boy, who will be seventeen next spring.

I paid regularly towards his maintenance in an industrial home until his sixteenth birthday, and he has since written informing me that he has worked in a garage for some months past.

I have made repeated application to have him home, but my offer has been refused, though on two occasions an inspector has been to my home and has expressed satisfaction.

But they will not let my boy come home, and I am now being pressed for arrears of maintenance, though I can obtain no clear statement as to how long I shall be expected to contribute.

The police have even called to see me at my work, and the worry and uncertainty are crushing me. What can I do?

"HUMANIST" says: You are in the unfortunate position of many working people who have placed their children in homes under the Board of Control, only to find that this body can keep them as long as it chooses, there being no appeal against its decision.

You can do nothing legally. Your best plan is to endeavour to persuade your local magistrate to use his influence with the Board on your behalf.

STOLEN PRESENTS

from her lodger

A WIDOW taking in lodgers for a living, I give my clients good value for their money, and occasionally one or two will, in gratitude, give me something extra besides their rent.

One man who took my best rooms was particularly lavish in this respect. He was, he said, a commercial traveller in silverware, and often, when he returned from his journeys, would give me a piece.

I was really sorry when his work took him into another part of the country and he had to leave. This happened a few months ago.

Last week he wrote that he would be passing through the town and would like to see me if I would meet him at a certain café for a cup of tea.

I kept the appointment, only to be terribly upset when he explained that he was in urgent need of money and would be glad of the loan of £5. I had not nearly so much with me, but I said I would send it immediately I got home.

This I did; but late that night he turned up at my home, and said that all the silver goods he "dealt" in were the result of robberies, and that unless I kept him supplied with a few pounds when he was out of "luck" he will turn informer and "reveal me to the police as a receiver of stolen goods."

I am plunged in despair lest my other lodgers get to know.

"HUMANIST" says: Go at once to the police with your story. At present you are a victim of your late boarder's duplicity; but others may call your credulity by an uglier name unless you forestall them.

A SNOB DESPISES

his sweetheart

BROUGHT up by my grandparents, I was constantly in the company of old folks until, at the age of eighteen, I felt I should go mad unless I got into younger company.

As the selection was rather limited in our village, I cultivated the acquaintance of a girl who had recently left school, and we spent a good deal of time in each other's company.

This has gone on now for eighteen months, and I feel full of hesitation about asking for a definite engagement.

For one thing, she is several degrees below me in social status, and I don't want to handicap my future.

The truth is that I have succeeded in my work far better than I had hoped, and now I have prospects of a really good job with an excellent salary and unlimited chances of advancement.

An ignorant, uncultured wife is a drag on any man, but especially on one who has ambition and who means to rise to a position of real eminence.

It will hurt me to part from this girl; but for the sake of my future family, I feel I ought to do so before things go any further. What do you think?

"HUMANIST" says: You are an unmitigated snob and a selfish cad into the bargain. You have no heart, and if your village lassie has the common-sense of most British girls she will tell you so and congratulate herself upon getting rid of you.

NIECE'S FATHER

is her husband

I AM that most disgruntled of women, a childless wife. Yet all my life I have been passionately fond of children, and when I first became engaged to my husband it gave me a deep secret thrill of pleasure to discover that he was the same.

Yet, though we were comfortable and fairly happy after our marriage, no children came to bless our union.

As time went on I tried to bury my grief, and to this end I started a boarding-house. It prospered, and when my young sister left school, and was on the lookout for a job, I offered her a well-paid one with me.

My husband was pleased with the arrangement, and for a couple of years it worked smoothly, until one morning I found my sister in tears, declaring she would not stay in the house another minute.

It was in vain I pressed her to give a reason. But facts of this shameful sort cannot remain hidden, and before long my sister became the mother of my husband's child.

In these circumstances, what is my duty? Shall I divorce my husband and set him free to marry my sister, who is able to give him the family I am denied? Or shall I hold him to his marriage vows?"

"HUMANIST" says: These are questions which only yourself and your husband can answer.

If your husband wants his freedom and you refuse to give it him, you will certainly ruin three lives—and the rest of your own.

HERE you read some tough problems of real life, and the solutions that "HUMANIST" proposes for them. Each one came from a perplexed man or woman. One day you, too, will be up against a difficulty which you cannot face alone. "HUMANIST" will deal with it through the post. Send a stamped, addressed envelope. For the three most poignant documents published the Editor will pay £2 2s., £1 1s., and 10s. 6d.

Jock Rutherford's FOOTBALL FORECASTS

Matches played on October 5

ENGLISH LEAGUE.—Division I.

BIRMINGHAM v. Middlesbrough.
Bolton v. ASTON VILLA.
Burnley v. Sheffield Wednesday.
DERBY COUNTY v. Portsmouth.
Everton v. Arsenal.
Grimsby T. v. WEST HAM.
HUDDERSFIELD v. Blackburn.
LEICESTER C. v. Liverpool.
Manchester U. v. Manchester C.
SHEFFIELD UNITED v. Newcastle.
SUNDERLAND v. Leeds United.

Division II.

BARNSLEY v. Blackpool.
Bradford v. Bury.
BRISTOL CITY v. Wolverhampton.
CARDIFF v. Swansea.
Millwall v. Charlton.
NOTTS COUNTY v. Stoke City.
PRESTON N.E. v. Bradford C.
READING v. Hull C.
Southampton v. Oldham.
TOTTENHAM H. v. Notts Forest.
WEST BROMWICH A. v. Chelsea.

Division III. (South).

Coventry v. Clapton Orient.
CRYSTAL PALACE v. Northampton.
FULHAM v. Southend.
MERTHYR T. v. Swindon.
NEWPORT v. Bristol Rovers.
NORWICH v. Exeter City.
PLYMOUTH v. Gillingham.
QUEEN'S PARK RANGERS v. Luton.
Torquay v. BRIGHTON AND HOVE.
Walsall v. BOURNEMOUTH.
Watford v. BRENTFORD.

Division III. (North).

ACCRINGTON v. Rotherham.
BARROW v. Carlisle.
DARLINGTON v. Halifax.
DONCASTER v. Lincoln.
Hartlepools v. Tranmere R.
NEW BRIGHTON v. Southport.
PORT VALE v. Nelson.
South Shields v. ROCHDALE.
STOCKPORT COUNTY v. Crewe A.
Wrexham v. Wigan.
YORK CITY v. Chesterfield.

SCOTTISH LEAGUE.—Division I.

AIRDRIEONIANS v. Clyde.
AYR UNITED v. Cowdenbeath.
CELTIC v. Falkirk.
DUNDEE v. Queen's Park.
Hearts v. GLASGOW RANGERS.
MORTON v. Hamilton.
MOTHERWELL v. Hibernians.
Partick Thistle v. Kilmarnock.
St. Johnstone v. Aberdeen.
St. Mirren v. Dundee United

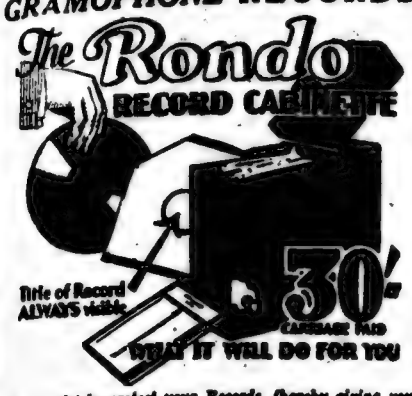
Division II.

Arbroath v. ALBION ROVERS.
BRECHIN CITY v. Queen of the South.
DUMBARTON v. Bo'ness.
DUNFERMLINE A. v. East Fife.
EAST STIRLING v. Alloa.
King's Park v. ST. BERNARDS.
Leith Athletic v. CLYDEBANK.
RAITH ROVERS v. Montrose.
STENHOUSEMUIR v. Forfar Athletic.
THIRD LANARK v. Armadale.

Capital letters indicate team forecast to win. No distinction is made when a draw is expected.

NO MORE DAMAGED GRAMOPHONE RECORDS

The Rondo RECORD CABINETTE



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(1) *Completely protect your Records, thereby giving you the best out of your Gramophone.*
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(3) *Large 4 pp. Index gives additional aid to efficiency. Lock and Key also supplied.*
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Strongly Made of laminated wood and covered in Black or Brown grained Leather, the Rondo Cabinette holds 50 10 in. or 12 in. size Records; and is a handsome addition to any room. The price is the same for either size.

Of all good Stores or Carriage Paid direct from—

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Money refunded if unsatisfactory.
TRADE ENQUIRIES INVITED.
Makers of the famous Rondo Gramophone.
WRn20

IT'S A SLOW BUSINESS waiting until you've saved up. Order the Cork Lino you want now, and pay for it on our popular instalment plan. Catesbys Cork Lino is the very best floor covering in the market for the following reasons: It needs no scrubbing; in fact a child can clean it; harbours no dust or dirt; patterns retain their beauty for years, and our Lino lasts thrice as long as other floor coverings. Write for book of coloured designs, sample pieces and full price details. Post Free from Dept. K 19.

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WRITE CATESBYS CORK LINO TODAY

ORDER BY POST — COLOUR BOOK FREE

Great success of the SHILLING HOLIDAY

CADBURY'S

HOLIDAY CHOCOLATE

with almonds & raisins

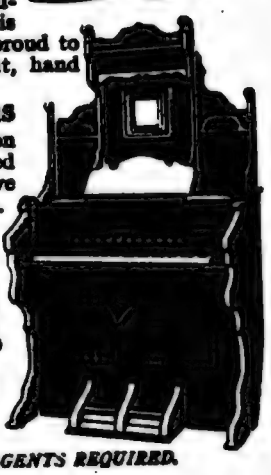
1/- half-pound and in 6d. blocks

Either Piano or Organ -- 20/-

THIS beautiful Pianoforte or Organ will be DELIVERED FREE to your home upon receipt of 20/-. The world-famed Crane Piano is an instrument of superb quality which you will be proud to own. Supplied in Rosewood, Mahogany or Walnut, hand polished to the sheen of a precious jewel.

EVERY INSTRUMENT GUARANTEED FOR 20 YEARS

The action is replete with every modern refinement. Iron frame, check action, full compass, full trichord, bushed keys, etc. The Tone is pure, and of rich expressive resonance, the Touch sensitive, precise and delicate. The "Stella" Organ is the ideal instrument for Home, Hall, or School, etc. The case is of dark walnut, tastefully carved. Fitted with bevelled mirror, music receptacle, swing fall board etc. Three sets of reeds, Eleven stops (including couplers. Two knee swells. The impressive tone is as near Pipe Organ sound as is possible to make a reed instrument. Send Post Card for Catalogue No. 240



Crane & Sons LTD.
149, Oxford Street, LONDON, W.1
Head Office: Hanover Street, LIVERPOOL.

AGENTS REQUIRED.

GRAVES 'TRIUMPH' BARGAIN BALE

is the most amazing Quality and Value Offer ever put before the readers of this journal.

It includes the following superb quality goods:

One Pair WHITE FLEECY BLANKETS with Blue Borders. Warranted to wear and wash well. Whipped edges. Size 66 x 90ins. Weight 7lbs pair.

One Pair ALL WHITE FLEECY BLANKETS of excellent make and finish. Extremely durable. Whipped edges. Size 66 x 90ins. Weight 6lbs pair.

One Pair GREY BOLTON TWILL SHEETS of guaranteed quality. Hemmed and finished ready for use. Size 70 x 90ins Weight 6lbs pair.

A COLOURED ALHAMBRA QUILT of tasteful design, finished and hemmed ready for use. Size: 75 x 94ins.

A BLEACHED DAMASK TABLE CLOTH in a very handsome Vine design, beautifully finished. Size 54ins square.

Two pure WHITE PILLOW CASES with flap and buttoned ends. Size 30 x 36ins.

A pure WHITE BOLSTER CASE to match. Size 20 x 54ins.

VERY IMPORTANT *By way of extra benefit, and to demonstrate that reliable Sheffield Cutlery is still the finest product of its kind in the World, we are including in the Graves 'TRIUMPH' Bargain Bale a 16-Piece Sheffield Cutlery and Plate Service for the use of four persons.*

The 16-PIECE SERVICE comprises 4 Knives of Stainless Sheffield Steel with keen edged blades and beautiful Ivory-grained handles; 4 Dessert Size Forks, 4 Dessert Size Spoons, and 4 Tea Spoons of 'Columbian' Silver, an amalgam of metals which resists acid stains and wears perfectly white and silver-like all through.

Complete Bale (including the 16-piece Cutlery Service) Carriage Paid £3

TERMS. Our Bargain Price for the Graves 'TRIUMPH' Bargain Bale is for Deferred Payments. Send 5/- now, & complete purchase in 11 Monthly Payments of 5/- If you are entirely satisfied with the Bale after inspection in your own home. Money back in full if in any way disappointed.

CATALOGUE of any of the following departments: Ladies' Fashions, Household Drapery, Footwear, Sheffield Cutlery, Cycles, Men's Wear, Gramophones, Records, Wireless Sets, Baby Cots, Carpets, Lino, &c.

J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD.

'DUGGIE NEVER OWES'

Douglas Stuart Ltd.

CES. AND CAMBS.

UNLIMITED DOUBLE EVENTS
NO WAY BARRED

* * *

DAILY S.P. LETTER
BUSINESS A SPECIALITY
NO LIMIT

* * *

FOOTBALL

Six Leagues. Nothing Barred.

Most Liberal Odds Combined with Security

Send for Lists.

Write To-day
Don't Delay.

5, DRURY STREET, GLASGOW.

Safety First!

20/- IN THE POUND ALWAYS

"—Safe as the Bank"—JOHN BULL 24 March 1928

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Letter Commissions accepted from 1/- up to any amount, and if forwarded in accordance with our Rules,

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DAVID COPE & ALFRED H. MAURICE
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DAILY SETTLEMENTS—WINNINGS BY RETURN.
ALL POSTAGE PAID.

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Send for price list, every horse quoted.

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TEN LISTS.
6 Leagues, 5 Leagues, 4 Leagues, etc.

NOTHING BARRED IN ANY LEAGUE OR ON ANY LIST.

Send for the CHALLENGER CREDIT COUPON for fairest odds combined with ABSOLUTE SECURITY.

Straight Tips for THE DRINK COMMISSION

Lord Amulree is Chairman of the Commission

OUR LETTER PARLIAMENT

ORIGINAL letters upon the subject below, not exceeding 100 words, are invited, as also are letters on any topic about which you feel strongly. 10s. will be paid for each letter published. Mark envelopes "Letter Parliament." Letters must reach us by first post on Tuesday, October 8.

My Two-Minute Sermon

VISIT a German beer-garden, and see the tasteful arrangement of small tables, each one provided with an evening paper, supplied free. Tea, coffee and minerals are served as willingly as stronger drinks. One is welcome to stay over one drink—whatever it is—as long as one wishes.

Good music by an orchestra, with an occasional cabaret turn, is provided.

See the family groups, often including grandmother, listening to the music or chatting to friends—taking their evening's entertainment or recreation in decent and pleasant surroundings.

Here drinking is not the sole means of amusement.—*F. Sturdy, Dewsbury.*

Drunk on Cant

There are other intoxications besides that of alcohol. Men can rant and rave on water as wildly as on wine. There is the intoxication of pride, of bigotry, wealth, station and authority.

It is possible to sit in a fool's paradise of a Drink Commission and despise and insult wise men outside it. The Commission should eliminate from its counsels the fanatics with their autocratic arrogance and impossible programmes.

Finally, any proposal to make men sober by constraint, by Acts of Parliament or by the police implies debility of brain.—*W. M. Malcolm, Liverpool.*

What a Change!

Try coal-heaving at the coal face, under the most trying conditions, for an eight-hour shift. Come to the surface in a dirt-begrimed, perspiring condition, with your appetite gone.

Then on your way home call at the village inn and have a glass of beer.

Note the difference, and with the full courage of your convictions can you still maintain that a glass of beer does not fulfil its place as a cog in the vast machinery of commerce?—*Malt and Hops, Rhondda.*

The Barman Knows

Having worked about ten years in an East London beerhouse, I would draw attention to the practice of many East-End publicans of letting some of their poorer women customers run up large drink bills.

I know several women who even leave their husbands' pension-books behind the bar as security.

The women will go to any length to get these back without their husbands' knowledge. This generally means resorting to pawnshops, unlicensed money-lenders, and sometimes worse.

The chief sufferers of all this are the poor children.—*J. P. C., London.*

Seven Points

Temperance means "moderation," so that total abstainers constantly misapply the word.

Fanatical teetotallers are often grossly intemperate in speech and print.

Galling restrictions often defeat their own end and breed an "I'll-see-you-damned-first" spirit.

Education is the great force battling against intemperance of all kinds.

Public-houses should be places of genuine refreshment and recreation, not mere drinking-dens.

Innkeepers should be paid a fixed salary and receive no profit on alcoholic sales.

Houses tied to brewers lead to abuses.—*M. K. B., Yardley.*

It Murdered Them

I would ask one of the Commissioners to visit our homeland town.

Once here, I would take him to our little cemetery, and lead him down to the wet, boggy corner, about ten yards from the church.

There he would see three names: "———, died 1919; ———, died 1924; ———, died 1928," with their respective ages—all under one week.

Then I would point to the village pub. on the hill and say: "The stuff they sell over there helped my husband to knock me about and kill them!"—*Heartbroken, Glam.*

Where Their Money Goes

It is to be hoped that the Commission will not overlook a pamphlet entitled "Bermondsey: A Study in Drink Consumption," which contains some illuminating figures.

£1,335,000 was spent in drink, yet the payers of this sum spent only £230,000 on bread and £182,000 on milk.

One person in seven is in receipt of poor relief, and two-thirds of the deaths occur in institutions. Every seventh shop is devoted to the sale of drink.

Every child could be provided with one pint of milk daily, a new suit of clothes, a pair of boots, and a fortnight's holiday by the sea yearly, and then a million pounds would be left for improvement of homes if this huge sum was spent wisely.—*O. F., Sticklepath.*

Better Beer—Not More

Beer being a great national beverage, its production merits State supervision and protection. Our greatest need, in the matter of drink, is neither more beer nor less beer, but better beer.

If the Commission insists on a higher standard for beer, and directs the health authorities to prohibit the sale of all beer that does not come up to this standard, it will secure the support of a great majority of both Parliament and people.—*W. B., London.*

Grown Up Now

It is about time Commissions and the Governments that appoint them treated the common people of this country as grown up.

The time has arrived for the loosening of leading-strings and the assumption of individual self-government, for it is only by the intelligent development of self-control in an atmosphere of freedom that individuals and nations will advance towards perfection.—*Wm. Henderson, Belfast.*

Mean Publicans

The police should direct special attention to the too-frequent practice of licensees supplying intoxicants, directly or indirectly, to persons already intoxicated, and then, when their inebriated customers become truculent and their pockets empty, request the police to eject them.

This practice is mean, and frequently results in charges of drunkenness for which licensees are morally responsible, and which might have been avoided had they observed the licensing laws and not permitted drunkenness on their premises.

Charges of drunkenness are common; but very few charges of permitting drunkenness on licensed premises are preferred.—*Frederick Martyn, Bristol.*

* * *

Mild and Bitter

The abolition of barmaids should be insisted upon.—*Lebam, Penygraig.*

Total abstinence is not a passport to heaven.—*Grown-Up Child, Belfast.*

Treat the licence-holder as a man, as a citizen, not as a potential criminal.—*W. Q., Lanark.*

We don't want British waters turned into liquor-running shooting-galleries.—*E. W. S., Ely.*

If the cost of living was less, the desire for drink would also be less.—*Non-Drinker, Southend.*

To try to make a drunkard a teetotaller by law is one of the surest ways of keeping him a drunkard for the rest of his life.—*S. H., Woodley.*

The system of tied-houses smashes the personality of Mine Host, lowering him to a mere booze-seller.—*J., Gateshead.*

The drink question is settling itself in a perfectly natural way. Let it do so and save public money.—*Older Britain, Staffs.*

Taking into consideration workmen's low wages, the high price of whisky, and the increasing sobriety of all classes, this Commission is a gross insult to the British people.—*Ex-Policeman, Ayr.*

Let the Government issue licences to every man or woman who wishes liquor of any kind, and if they abuse it, suspend or take it from them.—*Moderation, Dumbarton.*

If a nation cannot practise moderation without prohibition it has already entered that stage of decadence that leads to ruin.—*Thoughtful, Derby.*

Race with "Silver Ring"

"ALLY PALLY'S" Best

"ALLY PALLY," with its late start, is certain to draw a big crowd. Racing on the frying-pan track is usually on modest lines; but the sport is good.

I notice that Lord Beaverbrook, a comparative new-comer to racing, has entered Caraquette for the chief sprint, and although the filly heads the handicap with 9 st., she will probably win.

Caraquette passed over a race at York last week, most likely with this engagement in view.

Some weeks ago I was told not to miss Mary Mac first time out. I decided not to; but Mary Mac keeps missing me.

The Epsom filly has been given as a probable runner in three or four races since, but she has not faced the starter.

Mary Mac crops up again as bottom weight in the October Nursery, and if she goes this time she may pay for the last quarter's gas bill. I expect young Packham will ride, and he is quite good enough.

My week-end special for Thirsk is Halalie. A couple of seasons ago, when in the Manton stable, Halalie ran away with a London Cup at Alexandra Park. He has gone downhill a bit since then, but R. Armstrong, his present owner, has coaxed him back to win races, and he is useful over a mile and a half.

It is worth noting that Gay Day — "Steve's" Derby mount—has gone to Ayr to be trained for the Cambridgeshire. He should be fit.

"... *a comparative new-comer*"

Bucks Hussine (7 to 2), Wirework (7 to 2) and The Factor (7 to 2) were three good winners for the code last week.

"JOHN BULL'S" CODE

The code for this week is as follows It covers the racing from Thursday October 3, to Wednesday, October 9.

N	R	H	I	J	X	4	Q	2	A	C	B	Y	O	W
S	5	3	M	U	L	T	Z	V	K	F	E	D	P	G

In place of the Code letters printed in the *Sporting Life* read the one above or below, as the case may be. K5F4MFN4K5 would read ARCTIC STAR.

"SILVER RING."

Portable Model No. 1

THIS SPLENDID PORTABLE GRAMOPHONE WITH 10 TEN-INCH DOUBLE-SIDED RECORDS

5/- NOW

GRAVES GRAMOPHONES

HERE is the greatest Gramophone Offer ever made. We give you the choice of two magnificent instruments—a high-class Portable Model, or a magnificent Table Grand Model, EACH WITH 10 DOUBLE-SIDED RECORDS (20 Selections)

THE GRAVES PORTABLE MODEL is covered with waterproof leather cloth, nickel-plated corners, spring fasteners, and carrying handle. Smooth running motor, 10in Turntable, speed regulator, and starting and stopping device. The Sound box reproduces with amazing clarity. Receptacle in lid for records. Price complete (with 10 Double-sided Records) £3.10.0

THE GRAVES TABLE MODEL GRAMOPHONE is of perfect construction, with lovely polished Oak Cabinet, as illustrated. Fitted with powerful motor with reliable worm gear drive which ensures smooth running. All fitments are of the highest excellence, including Tapor Tone Arm and the newest improved type of reproducer. Price (with 10 double-sided Records) £3.10.0

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What Made His HAIR GROW?

Read His Letter for the Answer.

"Two years ago I was bald all over the top of my head.

"I felt ashamed for people to see my head. I tried different preparations, but they did no good. I remained bald, until I used Kotalko.

"New hair came almost immediately and kept on growing. In a short time I had a splendid head of hair, which has been perfect ever since—and no return of the baldness."

This verified statement is by Mr. H. A. Wild. He is but one of the big legion of users of Kotalko who voluntarily attest it has stopped falling hair, eliminated dandruff or aided new, luxuriant hair growth.

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By MICHAEL FIELDING

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"When the adult citizen has gone through these pages he or she will have all the mastery of his or her sexual self that knowledge can give."

From H. G. Wells' preface.

Paper 1s. Postage 1d. in 1s. Cloth 2s. 6d.

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£550 AWARDED

In "JOHN BULL"

Crossword Competition No. 30.

Correct solutions in Crossword Competition No. 30 were received from the following three competitors, to each of whom, subject to the conditions of the Competition, a cheque for £166 13s. 4d. will be dispatched:—

Mr. D. Easton, 1, Dalhousie Place, Larbert, Stirlingshire.

Mr. G. Singer, Highfell, Muir of Ord, Ross-shire.

Mr. G. Troy, 4, Lower Mallow Street, Limerick.

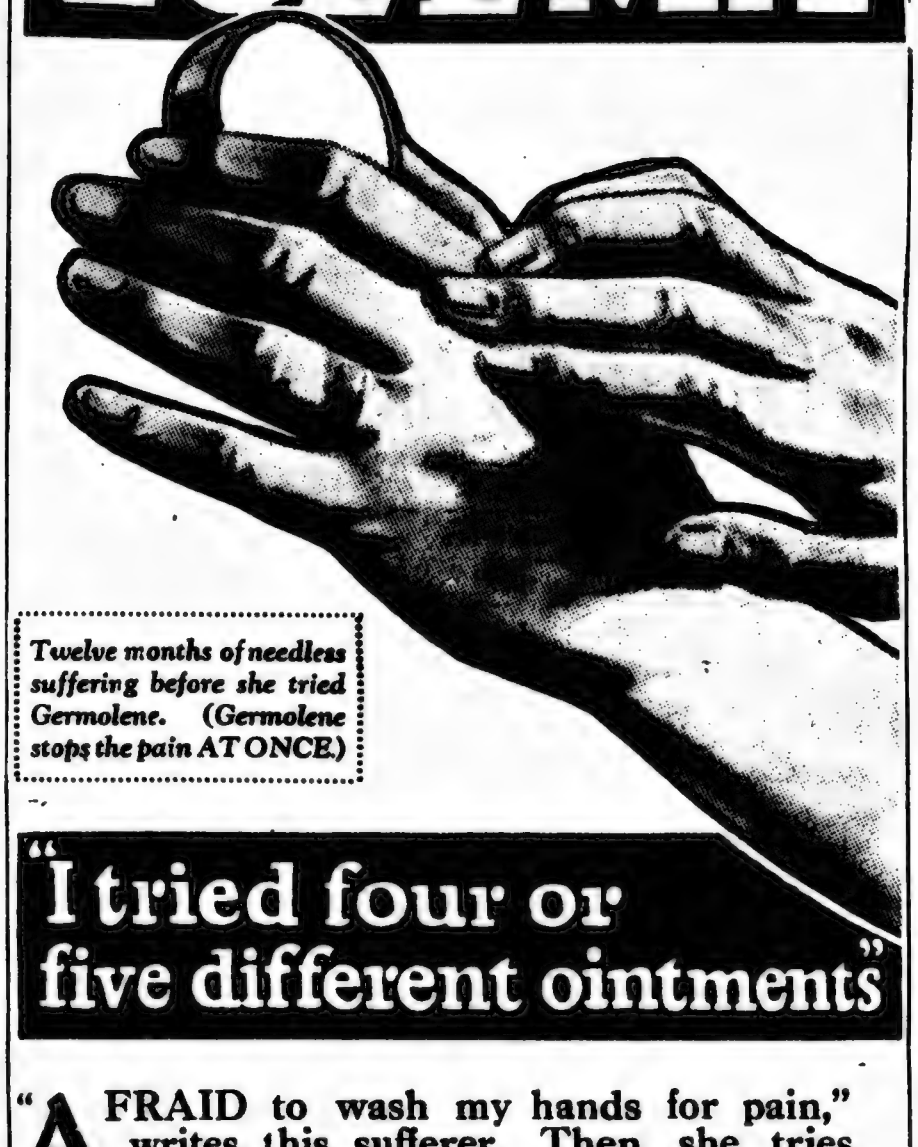
Solutions containing one error only were received from the following 17 competitors, who share the Second Prize of £50, each receiving £2 18s. 10d.:—

Barrows, Mrs. F., 222, South Norwood Hill, S.E.
Clake, G. T., 3, St. James Place East, Plymouth.
Cowap, P., 5, Hazel Grove, Vista Road, Eastbourne.
Duffield, Miss D., 53, Newhold Estate, Garforth, Nr. Leeds.
Emmett, W., Hillside, Devoran, Truro.
Healy, T. G., Rose Villa, Terenure Road, South Terenure, Dublin
Houghton, D., The Colony Farm, Langho, Blackburn.
Jarman, C. E., 13, Cecilea Street Grange, Cardiff.
Macbean, E., 74, Innes Street, Inverness.
Malone, H., 14, Tyer's Gateway, S.E.1.
Mason, Mrs. A., Orton Longueville, Peterborough.
Maxwell, J. S., Clonlee, Larne, Ireland.
Mills, G. A., 330, Mill Street, Liverpool, 6.
Pidlark, A. L., 29, Rollscourt Avenue, Herne Hill, S.E.24.
Reeve, L., Breckenhill, Ashworth, Pontefract.
Tee-Smith, A. W. E., 46, Park Lane, Romford, Essex.
Watson, Mrs. H. E., 11, Denham, Via Diss, Norfolk.

ANOTHER £500 X-Word appears on page 36.

TRY YOUR SKILL NOW!

ECZEMA



Twelve months of needless suffering before she tried Germolene. (Germolene stops the pain AT ONCE.)

"I tried four or five different ointments"

"AFRAID to wash my hands for pain," writes this sufferer. Then she tries Germolene, and is cured within a month! The moral is plain, for every sufferer—*Try Germolene FIRST.* Germolene *does* give instant relief from pain. Germolene *definitely does succeed where other ointments fail.* (No other ointment is aseptic, non-smarting, and skin-and-tissue building.) Whatever your skin trouble—*TRY GERMOLENE FIRST!*

Miss R. Osborne, of Middle Farm, West Pennard, Glastonbury, writes: "I had very bad dry eczema on my fingers for over a year. It was so painful I was afraid to wash my hands. I tried four or five different ointments but all of them failed; then I saw Germolene advertised and gave it a trial. Within a month my fingers were absolutely free from eczema."

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HAVE YOU TRIED GERMOLENE MEDICATED TOILET SOAP YET?

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ASEPTIC SKIN DRESSING

1/3 and 3/- A Veno Product

Put on your thinking cap and win JOHN BULL'S £500 Must Be Won X-WORD

SOLUTION of Puzzle will be published in "John Bull," on sale THURSDAY, OCT. 17th. Winner will be given in "John Bull" on sale THURSDAY, OCT. 24th. Result of "John Bull" X-Word No. 30 appears on page 35.

CUT HERE

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 33

Entry Form "A."

33 JB.

Do not separate these forms.

Entry Form "B."

CUT HERE

CUT HERE

33 JB.

In entering this Competition I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto and enclose 6d. P.O. No.....

These Entry Forms must not be separated, and a postal order for EXPENCE must be enclosed to cover either ONE OR BOTH entries.

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS.....

.....

Closing Date Thursday (noon, October 10th.

CUT HERE

N.B.—Cut the above Form out complete.

An extra £50 for runners-up

FIVE hundred pounds for your thoughts. Here *is* something worth thinking about. Now is the time to use your head on JOHN BULL'S Square and Fair Must-Be-Won X-word. In addition to the £500 first, there is a further £50 offered for "runners-up." Just think—and think skilfully—and the big prize may be yours.

Closing Date Thursday (noon), October 10th.

"JOHN BULL" will pay £500 for a correct solution on one Form of JOHN BULL Crossword No. 33 appearing in the next column. Failing a correct solution, the prize will be awarded to the reader whose entry is the nearest correct solution. An additional £50 will be divided between those competitors whose solutions contain one error only or only one error more than the winning solution. Every reader has an equal opportunity—no competitor may send in more than one sixpenny double entry—entry fee Sixpence for TWO attempts. No claims required. No entries accepted after Thursday (noon, October 10th).

CLUES ACROSS.—1. A frequented place. 4. Assists the conjuror. 8. A spirit. 9. Affirmative. 10. Anything. 12. The American lion. 14. Not in. 15. "Mister" in India. 17. Gratuity. 19. Small quantity of liquid. 21. Staggered. 24. Depend. 25. Animal. 27. Kind of blue. 31. Hardly decent. 32. Propels a boat. 34. A notion. 35. Old woman. 36. Used for beating grain. 37. Venture. 38. Insect. 39. Traps the unwary.

CLUES DOWN.—2. Urge. 3. Blunt. 5. Eastern servant. 6. Smeared. 7. Handle goods. 11. Join. 13. A consort. 16. Congealed water. 18. A hide. 20. Produce. 22. The self-conscious subject. 23. Tanned hide. 26. Covers you when lying. 28. A meadow. 29. Clothing. 30. Part of a house. 32. Not on. 33. A beam.

Chamber's 20th Century Dictionary and Nuttall's Dictionary (latest edition) were used in compiling this puzzle.

Read these Rules and Conditions carefully :

1. Fill in puzzle above **IN INK**, sign your name and write your address in BLOCK CAPITALS. Cut out coupon, place it with a Postal Order value sixpence in an envelope bearing a 1½d. stamp and post to—**"John Bull," Crosswords (No. 33), 57, Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.),** so as to reach us not later than noon on Thursday, October 10th.

Entry **MUST** be sent by post.

2. Postal Orders must be made payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and crossed —/& Co. /, and the date of sending the order, complete with the name and address of competitor, must be written on the back. The number of the Postal Order must be written in the space provided in the Entry Form. Stamps cannot in any circumstances be accepted.

3. No responsibility will be accepted by the Editor for any Coupon lost, delayed, not delivered or mislaid. Proof of posting will not be accepted as proof of delivery and no correspondence will be entered into.

4. In the event of a tie the £500 prize will be divided between those competitors whose coupons are correct or contain fewest errors, but no competitor shall receive more than one share. Competitors should note that errors are computed according to the number of words which incorrectly answer the clues given.

5. Mutilated or altered Entry Forms will be disqualified. Solutions must be complete and filled in on Entry Forms provided.

6. **No competitor may send in more than the two solutions "A" and "B" provided for on the Entry Forms.**

7. The correct solution of the puzzle is known only to the Editor and will be kept under seal until all entries have been received.

8. The result of this competition will be published in the issue of "John Bull," on sale **Thursday, October 24th.** Any competitor who claims to have sent in a solution which is identical with the published solution or contains as few errors as the competitor announced as the £500 prize-winner may have a scrutiny by demanding the same by or before first post **Tuesday, October 29th,** after which date the prize money will be dispatched and no claims will be considered.

9. If such demand is found to be correct, the result will be amended accordingly, and any competitor demanding a scrutiny must accept as final the result of such scrutiny as certified by the Editor.

10. Every request for a scrutiny must be made by Registered Letter only and must be accompanied by a remittance of £5, which will be returned to the competitor if his claim proves valid.

Requests for scrutiny must be addressed to :—**The Competition Editor, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2.**

Envelopes should be marked "Scrutiny" in top left-hand corner, all applications must be accompanied by a copy of Entry Forms and number of Postal Order. No claims for scrutiny can be entertained in connection with the additional award of £50 cash, the winners of which will be finally decided according to the result of our careful searches of all entries.

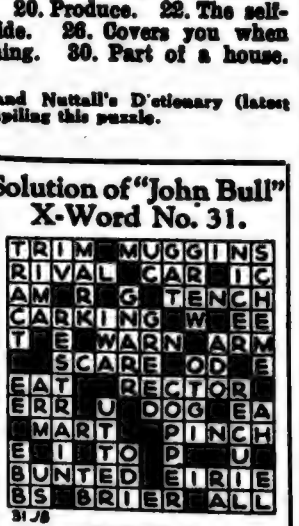
11. Entries for this competition must not be enclosed with "Bullets" entries or other correspondence addressed to JOHN BULL.

12. The Editor's decison is final and legally binding in all matters relating to this competition, and acceptance of this condition is an express condition of entry.

13. Employees of Odham Press, Ltd., and members of their families are not allowed to compete.

14. Failure to comply with any of the conditions involves disqualification

Solution of "John Bull" X-Word No. 31.



31 JB

Result will be published next week.

The Solution of "John Bull" X-word No. 31 is given herewith as a matter of interest to our X-word competitors. We wish to emphasise that no claims are required for this X-word as all entries are being carefully examined by our staff.

The SPECTRE behind the PROCESSION

ANYONE seeing these two children walking in the Roman Catholic procession in Westminster recently to celebrate the Catholic Emancipation Centenary would not guess that their home life was one of misery.

Their father is suffering from neurasthenia, and the best his doctor can say of him is : "He has had the misfortune to be ill and on the sick benefit for at least five times during the past two years, once for nearly three months on the stretch."

The 'bus company for which he had worked as inside mechanic previous to the war claimed him out of the Army in March, 1919. He was then suffering from neurasthenia, and from 1919 to 1922 he was in and out of its employ.

In 1922 he took out his licence as a 'bus driver, and carried on until September, 1926, when he had to give up on account of ill-health. His sufferings were caused, he stated, through not having sufficient time for his meals and the strain and vibration of driving a 'bus in London.

Since he left the 'bus company's service a year ago he has only secured one job, lasting eight days.

His wife, an ex-V.A.D., lost two of her fingers through frost-bite, which incapacitates her from carrying on her work as a midwife.

They have five children, the eldest nine and the youngest two years old. With a family of this size they cannot get accommodation under 18s. a week, and they are under notice to quit, for they owe £3 12s.

Their story is typical of many others. Will our readers spare a little to enable "The Greatest of These—" Fund to help to keep this and other homes together?

"The Greatest of These—"

Registered under the War Charities Act as the JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund. All cheques should be made payable to the Fund, and donations addressed to THE HON. SECRETARY, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. *Every penny that is subscribed to "The Greatest of These—" Fund goes to give help to the needy. All the expenses of administration are borne by* JOHN BULL.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Jeff (Sheffield), 5s.; In Memory of Peter O. A. C. (B'head), 2s.; Mac, 2s. 6d.; A Labourer, 2s. 6d.; J. E. S. (Forest Gate), 1s. 6d.; W. J. H. W., 2s.; Mr. O. W. Barnett, 10s.; Lina, 5s.; Ex-Sapper 180,863, 5s.; Walworth, 2s. 6d.; C. H. Vanest (Jarrow), 4s. 0½d.; BM/BXPZ, 4s. 0½d.; P. E. P. (Stoke Newington), 5s. 6d.; Anon. (Liverpool), 1s.; Salford, 5s. 6d.; Anon. (Esperance, £1; Anon. (Preston), 2s. 6d.; M. Bevan (Bowes Park), 5s.; Sympathiser, 2s. 6d.; Robert, £1; Rose Gordon (Oswestry), 1s.; One Who Needed Help and Received It, £1; S. Dickins, 1s. 6d.; Mrs. Langdon (Walthamstow), 5s.; Bidgew, £3; L. S. Bulwell, 5s.; Nonentity, 10s.; Nurse Hay, 1s. 6d.; Jam (Heywood), 5s.; H. W. Rodwell, £1; C. E. B. (Witham), 2s. 6d.; Mrs. F. E. McCrorie, 1s.; Mr. H. H. Mandry, 5s.; J. J. P., 3s.; A Well Wisher (Sheffield), 2s. 6d.; In Memory W. J. and A., 2s.; M. M. Edmonton, 1s.; Grateful Heart, 3s.; Anon., 2s.; J. E. Leather (Northwich), 1s.; Anon. (Reading), 2s. 6d.; Pipe's Mill, 1s.; E. M. (Blackley), 2s.; Anon. (Leytonstone), 3s.; E. S. (Leyton), 2s.; Emily Lewis, 2s. 6d.; R. H. Rowe (Bromyard), £1 1s.; A. Holman (Brighton), 6d.; M. R. (Ashton-under-Lyne), 1s.; M. T. (Ch. Gresley), 2s. 6d.; A Sympathiser, 2s.; G. E. M. (Birmingham), 2s. 9d.; Mrs. L. R. May (Brighton), 3s. 6d.; Anon., 1s. 6d.; Miss E. Coleman, 6d.; Miss E. Mann, 6d.; Barry, 1s.; E. W. (Shoreham-by-Sea), 2s. 6d.; Arthur R. Bell, 6d.; John Clarke (Tottenham), 1s. 1½d.; S. J. R., 2s.; G. G. (Exeter), 10s.; Gappy and Family, 2s.; Sympathiser (Carlisle), 2s. 6d.; Banffshire Reader, 1s. 6d.; H. Cantelo (Ryde), 2s.; Billie, 1s. 6d.; Less (Dulwich), 4s.; A Reader (Crowe), 9d.; A. D. (Ware), £1; E. Clifton (Gosport), 5s.; 725 (New Cross), £5; "?" 1s. 6d.; Thomas Spratling (West Ealing), £1; Jack Moran, 2s. 6d.; Mrs. L. Bartlett (Midhurst), £1; Glenroy (S.E.25), 1s.; A. K. F. A., 2s.; W. Bell (Belfast), 2s. 6d.; In Memory of Dad, 1s.; Ucalite, 4s. 3d.; Francis W. A. Gutteridge (Abergavenny), 6d.; In Memory of Dad, 1s.; Ucalite, 4s. 3d.; Francis Fox, 1s.

Parcels of clothing are gratefully acknowledged from: Mrs. J. Beetson; Mrs. Thompson; An Old and Sorrowful One; D. M. S.; Disappointed; Marion Enke; Mrs. C. George; Old England; A. Sad Mother; Cyril's Mum; P. E. D. (Somerset); A. F. Loveridge; S. Smith (Waterlooville).

(Many acknowledgments unavoidably held over.)

WRITE TO "JOHN BULL" ABOUT IT!

The Editor *Replies*

THE Editor may be flippant on this page, but his humour is never malicious. He likes to end up the week's work on a bright note. Serious questions are dealt with by the expert staff of our Free Advice Service.

Artist (Chelsea).—"I painted a portrait of a man and I am worried because he wants the shape of his nose altered." Well, what about a good straight left?

R. O. (Elstree).—"Everything is now A1." That is as it should B2.

FLAPPER (Swindon).—"My boy can run 100 yards in 10 seconds." Be careful he doesn't get away, then.

C. G. (Harrow).—"Life is a cocktail." And disappointment is the little drop of bitters.

N. S. (Thrapston).—"Who gets most out of married life?" The general notion is that few get out of it.

W. M. (Northampton).—"Some people have a great respect for truth." So great that they hate to make use of it.

E. N. (Marlow).—"There is too little self-help nowadays." The big stores don't think so.

K. A. (Biggleswade).—"A man in love is a man lost." A woman in love is a woman just finding herself.

D. F. (Gillingham).—"Woman's intuition is wonderful." Then, why does she ask so many questions?

IDA K. (Deal).—"I looked into his eyes, and they reminded me of the sea." Did you see any green in them?

S. A. (Truro).—"If I choose a date I stick to it." Why not pick it out of the box with a fork?

W. M. (Hull).—"The average wife expects her husband to give all his time to her." And his overtime as well.

T. E. (Farnham).—"Women have a keen sense of humour." Yes, the more you humour them the better they like it.

V. F. (Greenwich).—"It is good and right that we should seek to bear one another's burdens." Perchance the other man's may be lighter than one's own.

F. A. (Boulogne).—"I can't understand why sensible people go on living in England." Perhaps you haven't heard about our death duties.

F. C. (Dover).—"In the House of Commons Members can say exactly what they think." No wonder so many keep silent.

E. P. (Lewisham).—"Is the left-off clothes business a profitable one?" Many of our modern girls seem to find it so.

R. N. (Hampstead).—"London's underground railways still cling to the same old system." And the passengers to the same old strap.

W. K. (Isleworth).—"The talkies have proved that some of our film stars are finished actors." Agreed. Finished years ago.

S. V. (Tunbridge Wells).—"My wife found our baby sucking the heads of matches." We suppose the poor mite felt in need of a little light refreshment.

J. S. (Carlisle).—"After I am married, I hope to have some success as an inventor." Most married men have the same hope.

W. P. (East Sheen).—"Our office-boy is as lazy as he can be." You mean as lazy as he dare be.

J. S. (Stockwell).—"If a man could jump, in comparison of size, as far as a flea, what athletes we would have!" And wouldn't the motorists have a lot of fun!

MAC (Gordon).—"What is more annoying than an alarm-clock that won't ring?" An alarm-clock that does ring.

MRS. K. (Staveley).—"Our maid is like an express train." Ah! one of the non-stop kind.

S. (Swindon).—"Railways never forget to put the date on their engines." But why don't they date their sandwiches?

A. P. (Queenhithe).—"Who are the heroes of to-morrow?" The bachelors of to-day.

GEORGE A. (Stanningley).—"Singing always leaves me thirsty." And others bloodthirsty?

M. L. (Rugby).—"The gramophone has killed many a popular song." Good! Now, how can we kill the gramophone?

W. M. (Newark).—"I would trust him with my life." But would you trust him with anything of value?

R. B. (Croydon).—"Travel broadens a man." It's obvious you don't go home during the rush hours.

J. H. (Hitchin).—"How many letters do you get like mine in a week?" Too!

R. S. (Cambridge).—"A pedestrian is not legally obliged to jump out of the way of a motor-car." But it sounds like a good time for him to waive his rights.

F. B. (Gateshead).—"He has a suit for every day in the week." So have we. But we dare not be seen out in it on Sunday.

S. A. (Preston).—"I dream of the day, which is coming, when the world will be ruled by woman." Wake up. It came this morning.

B. L. (Harwich).—"I have never felt so small as when I looked at the Eiffel Tower." You ought to try to buy a stamp at our local post-office.

G. C. (Derby).—"In future I intend to allow my wife to drive." Are you thinking of getting a new car—or a new wife?

N. S. (Thrapston).—"How do some women manage to look as young at thirty as they did at twenty?" The answer's in the preservative.

L. M. (Preston).—"I don't think my wife could tell a lie in twelve months." Most wives can tell one the instant it is uttered.

W. B. (Brentford).—"There are about 5,000,000 people in the United States who can neither read nor write." Most of them are in the popular song-writing industry.

R. B. (Colchester).—"How can I prevent tennis-elbow?" Play golf!

G. S. (Exeter).—"There is no such thing as pain." Then what is it that some people give us?

G. M. (St. Ives).—"Why are women's skirts being lengthened?" To prevent the waist-line showing below the hem.

H. N. (Sheffield).—"A five-day week would suit most workers." A five-day week-end would be better.

PHYLLIS (Dartmoor).—"My husband has won many prizes in competitions." Were you one of them?

S. L. O. (Rugby).—"I went into a post-office for stamps." Did you come out with an old-age pension.

G. O. (Manchester).—"What ought I to do if a man comes up to me and says he's a policeman?" Go quietly.

B. U. (Esher).—"I'll teach him to kiss my daughter!" We don't suppose he needs any teaching.

C. P. (Northampton).—"Herbal cigarettes make me dream." O, back to tobacco!

H. T. (Kensington).—"How does a bloodhound with a cold smell?" Much the same as without one.

F. E. (Chesterfield).—"My sister has been jilted by a plumber." He's probably gone to look for his mate.

D. H. (Edgware).—"I am sick of hearing all these American jokes about beer and whisky." Nothing seems to be sacred to humorists these days.

P. V. (Wimbledon).—"Everybody finds the climb to fame very difficult." Except, of course, long-distance aviators who find it only one flight up.

C. T. (Rhyl).—"Do you think young people ought to be trained for marriage?" We have always been opposed to throwing raw troops into battle.

S. D. (Liverpool).—"The way to keep young is to live with young people." And the way to grow old is to try to keep up with them.

G. B. (Bristol).—"The next war will be fought by machinery." That won't be so bad if they invent a machine to do all the saluting.

G. P. (Herne Hill).—"A prehistoric skeleton has been found with its legs almost round its neck." The dickey seat must be older than we thought.

M. Q. (Leeds).—"I must find a way to keep my promise never to come home drunk again." We suggest that you stay out until you get sober.

J. S. G. (Arbroath).—"Autumn always gives me a feeling of depression." You'll feel right up in the air if you capture the 400 Guineas in "Bullets" this week.

L. A. (Epsom).—"My future father-in-law says it is unfair of me to take his daughter away without any warning." We would certainly listen to any warning he might give us.

L. P. (Bodmin).—"An extravagant wife is always putting her hand out." But she doesn't stop.

V. P. (Slough).—"My brains are on the rack." That's the place for light articles.

F. G. (Kendal).—"Too many husbands and wives are not on speaking terms." Particularly the husbands.

S. J. (Woking).—"Wireless is often beneficial in cases of partial deafness." And *vice-versa*.

MISS H. (Durham).—"Does marriage make a man different?" Indifferent, sometimes.

J. M. (Crediton).—"What is a conscience?" Something that tells you somebody is sure to find out.

T. R. (Ewell).—"After all, one's looks are purely accidental." Sometimes they are a calamity.

F. K. (Birmingham).—"I am now travelling in tissue-paper." We hope it keeps warm for you.

A. K. (Hove).—"Why do some people keep on throwing stones into the sea?" It's the only splash they can afford nowadays.

D. H. (Tulse Hill).—"She offered me a penny for my thoughts." Never marry a girl like that; she doesn't know the value of money.

S. R. (Margate).—"Because a man has a car it doesn't necessarily mean he has money." It may merely mean that he had money.

(Many replies unavoidably held over.)

Side-Slips

Examples of genuine unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Obvious printers' errors not wanted. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelopes "Slip."

SMART NOVELS:—"A passing TAXI LOOKED AT HIM HOPEFULLY."

EVENING EXPRESS:—"The goods had NOT been recovered and were PRODUCED in court."

MY POCKET LIBRARY:—"He covered his FACE with a GROAN."

YELLOW MAGAZINE:—"Her HEART was beating in her MOUTH."

"THE FACE IN THE NIGHT":—"He took out a sheet of TYPE-WRITTEN paper . . . and there was no need to ask who had written those STRAGGLING LINES."

ADVENTURE:—"He picked up an EMPTY CAN OF PAINT."

"THE AVENGER":—"It WAS COVERED with spots of rust, WHICH HAD BEEN CLEANED OFF."

WEST WALES GUARDIAN:—"—— undertook to run a concert in the EVENING FOLLOWED by a sale of work in the AFTERNOON."

BOLTON EVENING NEWS BUFF:—"On MONDAY AND WEDNESDAY David Davidson is to marry a South End young lady."

"THE DANGER TRAIL":—"MacQuade's thin smile WALKED slowly across his lips."

WONDERFUL TAILORING OFFER
A SMART WINTER OVERCOAT for 2/- DOWN
Specially selected, double faced, woollen Blue Melton Cloth. Guaranteed fast dyes. Also in Grey and Brown. Double-breasted Coat, fine tailored lapels, velvet pockets, Silkateen lined, Stylish West-end cut, finished with character. Perfectly tailored winter coat. Price 49/6d.
We are pioneers of better quality, individual man-tailored ready-to-wear clothing.
Send your height and chest measure, and we guarantee to fit you. Don't examine small patterns of cloth, but the actual Coat we send you on approval. If you are not satisfied, we will gladly return your deposit. Send 2/-, (no further payment required until you have had the coat one month), and agree to pay 6/- per month. Special terms arranged for customers who already have an account with us.
Hundreds of letters received from satisfied customers. Many write to say they had no idea they could get such good value for credit.
Price 49/6
"Big Value Blanford"
John Blanford
Dept. J.B.B.
119-129, BUNHILL ROW, LONDON, E.C.1.

WORKERS WHO WORRY.

Many workers to-day are victims of nervous exhaustion. Overwork, anxiety and worry have depleted their store of nervous energy, with the result that they find themselves unable to sleep, get nervy and depressed, and often suffer from headaches. Everything becomes a burden and a tax upon the strength.

If you are like this, then you need Dr. Williams' pink pills, because they are a powerful nerve tonic. The strengthening action of these pills on weak nerves is due to the fact that they supply to the nerves the very elements they need. One important ingredient in them, in fact, is absolutely essential if a strong nervous system is to be maintained.

In addition to strengthening the nerves, Dr. Williams' pink pills reinvigorate the whole system, because they are compounded of valuable ingredients that impart increased vitality and life. In a word, these pills represent the finest medicinal combination achieved by science for revitalising the human body.

Steady nerves, improved appetite, increased vigour, better sleep—these can all be yours by taking Dr. Williams' pink pills; of all chemists, 3s. 0d. box.

FREE, "The Nerves' Needs," a booklet specially written for nerve sufferers, will be sent free to all who write to C.E. Dept., 36, Fitzroy Square, London.

HERE'S THE VERY SET YOU ARE LOOKING FOR!

THE WONDERFUL **HARMONY**

SUITCASE RECEIVER DE LUXE

A host of foreign stations . . . perfect volume and tone . . . minimum consumption of High Tension.

A handsome portable with the performance of a set of twice the price.

£14 : 14 : 0

or 12 monthly payments of 27/-.

No Deposit. A postal order for 27/- will bring this remarkable receiver to your door.

Portable Dept., HARMONY LTD.,
43, Gt. Portland Street, London, W.1.

With every "John Bull" 5/- Lever Self-filling Fountain Pen, "John Bull" will present to you absolutely FREE a magnificent 2/6 "Ever-pointed" Pencil, heavily plated, complete with refills and eraser. Send 6 coupons and P.O. for 4/- only, plus 3d. for postage and insurance.

Cash the Coupons

JOHN BULL'S PEN COUPON

This Coupon will be accepted as 2d. in part payment of the "John Bull" 5/- Lever Filler Pen fitted with 14-ct. gold nib, iridium tipped, with which is presented FREE a 2/6 Ever-Pointed Pencil. Additional Coupons, any number up to five (six in all), ANY DATES, may be cut from "John Bull" and will be accepted in part payment. Thus you may send six Coupons and P.O. for 4/3 (which includes postage and insurance). Pocket clip 3d. extra. Name engraved in gold on pen 6d. extra. Cross cheque/p.o. "& Co." Make payable to "John Bull." State if fine—medium—broad nib. JOHN BULL, Pen Dept., Long Acre, London W.C.2. 5-10-29.

"JOHN BULL" *brings the* Silver Lining to the *CLOUDS*

FIFTY £5 5s. CHEQUES PAID
to Registered Readers.

UNDER the heading of Sickness alone JOHN BULL announces this week the payment of Fifty Cheques of £5 5s. each to registered readers.

When illness lays the breadwinner low, a cheque from JOHN BULL gives a silver lining to the clouds and lifts a weight from the minds of both husband and wife.

Some day *you* may need a cheque from JOHN BULL. Have you registered for our Great Gift?—if not sign the forms below now.

Sickness Benefits £5 5s. each.

On account of Measles, Diphtheria, Typhus Fever, Smallpox, etc., etc.

ABERBEEG, MON.—Mr. W. Whitney, 19, Brynhyfryd Terrace.
AIRMYN, NR. GOOLE, YORKS.—Mr. A. W. Selby.
BISHOPS WALTHAM.—Mr. Geo. Taylor, C/o Mrs. Ivamy, High Street.
BLAKENEY, GLOS.—Mr. E. E. Toogood, Brains Green.
BLAENAVON, MON.—Mr. C. B. Davies, 35, Allgood Avenue.
BURES, SUFFOLK.—Mr. W. Cudmore, 3, Sneedwell Terrace.
BOW, E.3.—Mrs. E. Beech, 12, Dane Place, Roman Road.
BOURNEMOUTH. — Mrs. W. J. Marsh, 59, Windham Road.
BULWELL, NOTTS.—Mr. P. W. Schoolar, 79, Minerva Street.
BELCHFORD, HORNCASTLE, LINCS. —Mr. R. Williams, School House.
BRISTOL.—Mr. C. H. Gisbourne, 10, Grenville Place, Hotwells.
BARGOED, GLAM.—Mrs. A. Meek, 4, Heolddu Avenue.
BOW, E.3.—Mrs. N. London, 285, Roman Road.
CHOPPINGTON, NORTHUMBERLAND. —Mrs. J. A. Wilson, 2, North Front Row.
CARLIN HOW, YORKS.—Mrs. H. DALBY, 5, Front Street.
DOWLAIS.—Mr. J. G. Gwynne, 54, Mary Street.
DOVER.—Mr. C. T. Green, 9, Maxton Road.
ENFIELD TOWN.—Mrs. W. H. Thurgood, 30, Percival Road.
FLIMWELL, NR. HAWKHURST, KENT. —Mr. C. Crowther, Ginger Bread Lane.
FEATHERSTONE, NR. PONTEFRACT. —Mrs. O. Simpson, 10, Moor Road.
GATESHEAD-ON-TYNE.—Mrs. H. Catnach, 66, Grasmere Street.
KINGS LYNN.—Mrs. G. R. Frior, 17, Checker Street.
KENLEY, SURREY.—Mr. M. J Sherlock, 280, Godstone Road.
LONG EATON, NOTTS.—Mr. F. T. Bestwick, 66, Tamworth Road.
LEICESTER.—Mr. J. Juba, 48, Broughton Rd., Park Est.
LONDONDERRY.—Mr. John Glenn, 19, Emerson St., Waterside.
MERTHYR TYDFIL.—Mrs M. A. McDonald, 53, Ynysgau Street.
MANNINGFORD, MARLBOROUGH, WILTS.—Mr. E. G. Oslard.
NEWARK, NOTTS.—Mr. F. V. Walker, 44, Appleton Gate.
NR. WIGAN.—Mr. John Ashcroft, 17, School Lane, Upholland.
NR. NEWPORT, MON.—Mr. F. H. Sharp, 16, Cwm Terrace, Cwm.
NORTHAMPTON.—Mrs. K. Bull, 43, Essex Street.
OSBOURNBY, SLEAFORD, LINCS.—Mr. W. B. Steel, High Street.
OSSETT, YORKS.—Mr. M. Avison, 22, Pickersgill Street, Street Side.
OVENDEN, HALIFAX.—Mr F. Harley, 25, Vegal Crescent. Nursery Lane.
PETERBOROUGH.—Mr. G. H. Branston, 3, Richmond Place.
PETERBOROUGH. — Mrs. E. A. Vines, 162, Clarence Road.
PENYGRAIG, GLAM.—Mrs. E. Charles, 25, Belle Vue Street.
REIGHTON, NR. BRIDLINGTON. — Mr. W. M. Mainprize, Meadow Cottage.
RUGBY.—Mrs. A. Ballard, 9, Ploughman Street.
RYHILL, NR. WAKEFIELD.—Mrs. J. Kemps, 8, Mill Lane.
SEMILONG, NORTHAMPTON.—Mrs. B. Humphreys, 54, Lower Hester Street.
STAKEFORD, NORTHAMPTON. — Mrs. R. Routledge, 2, Trojan Street.
STAFFORD.—Mr. H. Green, 10, Mill Bank.
STEPNEY, E.14.—Mr. J. Hawkes, 22, Eastfield Street.
SWINDON, WILTS.—Mrs. A. Gibbs, 5, Newport Street.
SHEPSHED, LEICESTER.—Mr. J. Fletcher, "Westleigh," 135, Leicester Road.
WOODBURY SALTERTON, EXETER. —Mr. T. Blackmore, Warren Cottage.
WELLING, KENT.—Mr. A. Ford, 26, Leigh Place.
WREXHAM.—Mr. J. V. Davies, 2, Charles St., Rhos-y-gwaen, Chirk.

"John Bull" provides Fire, Storm, Flood, Sickness, Accident and Children's Benefits.

CUT HERE

JOHN BULL

Hand this Coupon to your newsagent.

To (name of Newsagent) .....

Address .....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature .....

Address .....

Date .....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

J.B., 5/10/29.

CUT HERE

Post this Coupon to
"John Bull," Registration Department, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

.....
Reader's Signature.

Age .....

Address .....

.....

.....

Name and address of Newsagent .....

.....

.....

.....Date.....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return. PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

J.B., 5/10/29.

40 GUINEAS CASH FREE PRIZE

will be paid by

THE COMPETITION **WINNER**

On Sale Everywhere To-day 2d.

TO THE READER WHO WINS THIS WEEK'S "BULLETS" 400 GNS. PRIZE (Contest No. 733). "The Winner" will also pay

£50 FREE PRIZE

TO THE READER WHO WINS THIS WEEK'S "J.B." £500 X-WORD PRIZE (Contest No. 33), besides

10% (2/- in £) bonus on any amount won by a reader in "Bullets" or "John Bull" Crosswords.

The only condition is that

YOU BECOME A READER OF "THE WINNER."

All you have to do is to write to the Editor of "The Winner" (your letter to arrive not later than Friday morning next, Oct. 11th) stating that you are entering this week's "Bullets" or "J.B." X-Word (or both) and

ENCLOSE THE FREE PRIZE COUPON cut from "The Winner." Besides the chance it thus gives you of winning a 10% bonus for nothing, "The Winner" makes prizewinning absolutely easy. It tells you expertly

ALL YOU WANT TO KNOW ABOUT EVOLVING TIP-TOP "BULLETS,"

not only giving you ample material and suggestions for your efforts, but also

WARNING YOU AGAINST IDEAS TO AVOID.

FREE "BULLETS" ADVISORY. In "The Winner" appears a form on which you may write up to twelve "Bullets" and then submit same to the Editor for his Expert Opinion of your work. Thus you can quickly discover the merit of your "Bullets" and the criticism and advice the Editor will give you will put you on the proper path to the prize-lists. This Advisory Service is Absolutely Free!

Every week "The Winner" contains

THE WORLD'S BEST SOLUTIONS (WITH ALL ALTERNATIVES EXPERTLY ANALYSED) FOR "J.B." AND ALL OTHER X-WORD COMPETITIONS.

This weekly journal is the old Original and recognised Competition Authority and always gives—

COMPLETE PICTURE PUZZLE SOLUTIONS FOR EVERY CONTEST RUNNING.

Despite numerous imitations, Genuine Prizewinning Solutions and Advice are to be found Only in "The Winner." If you want to win a prize in any Competition go to your Newsagent and

BUY "THE WINNER" TO-DAY!

If Sold Out, be sure you Order the next Issue.

FREE PRIZES FOR YOU! Thousands of pounds have been won by "Winnerites" and if you get this week's issue of this wonderful twopennyworth you will stand a magnificent chance of capturing the "Bullets" 400 Gns. or X-Word £500, when you will also gain the Free Bonus Prize from the Editor of "The Winner." Send your Free Prize Coupon (as above) to arrive not later than Friday morning next, Oct. 11th, to—

EDITOR, "THE WINNER"
(J.B. Dept.), 3, Little Gray's Inn Lane, London, E.C.1.

1,001 OPPORTUNITIES FOR YOU!

WE may regret the falling of the autumn leaves, but there will be no regrets when these golden leaves begin to fall—from JOHN BULL'S cheque-book. That large one worth 400 Guineas is particularly worth catching—it would bring lasting sunshine for the winter days ahead.

In all, no fewer that 1,001 cash prizes must be won in this quick-result contest and when you begin you will find that there are 1,001 ideas around you with which to construct a *Bullet*. All prizes will be posted on Wednesday, October 30.

You merely have to choose one of the Examples given here and add any TWO, THREE or FOUR WORDS of apt and original comment. For instance, were you to choose the *Example* FATHER'S THIRST, the added words MAKES WHOLE FAMILY "BITTER," would complete a *Bullet* of the type that brings success.

Topical "Bullet" Wins £500

AN intelligent grasp of topical events is often the way to grasp a big *Bullets* prize. For instance, look at the cleverly phrased *Bullet*, HANGING BY A THREAD—INDUSTRY THAT THREAD MADE, which won the First Prize of £500 in Competition No. 729 for Mr. A. V. Baker, 17, Canon Street, Barry, S. Wales.

Mr. A. V. Baker

A married man, 27 years of age, Mr. Baker is an employee of the Great Western Railway, and he has been competing in *Bullets* for several years with only minor success.

Now thanks to a close study of the construction of previous winning lines, Mr. Baker has won his way to the top of the *Bullets* prize-list.

To Help You Win.

GOOD phrasing is perhaps the most important factor in making a *Bullet*. If you feel there is no new subject under the sun, simply clothe an old subject in novel wording—it may easily bring you a big prize.

More good advice on making *Bullets* appears in *Bullets Bulletin*, issued free every Thursday.

"Without the *Bulletin* I should still have been sending in too obvious or old-fashioned lines," is just one of scores of tributes to its value received from Mr. C. Huntley, 53, Victoria Street, Miskin, Mountain Ash.

Any reader may obtain a sample free copy of *Bullets Bulletin* on application, enclosing halfpenny stamped addressed envelope. Sixpenny P.O. crossed and made payable to JOHN BULL brings 12 issues post free. Address: "Bulletin" Dept., JOHN BULL, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

The result of Competition No. 729 ("Bullets" 2,000 Guineas Offer) will appear in our next issue, on sale Thursday, October 10th.

"BULLETS" RULES.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor is the best Bullet received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality.

2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon, and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed & Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

3. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

4. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

Employees of Odhams Press and their families are not eligible to compete.

Advance details for "Bullets" Competition No. 734.

First Prize, £500—Second Prize, £50—Third Prize, £25—20 Prizes of £5—500 Prizes of 2/6—8,000 "Target" Prizes—

and

50 Luxury Gifts value £3 10s. each.

Britain And America—Meeting Again—Fair Exchange—Out Of It—Shaping Well—Speak Up, Mr. Taxpayer—Flattery—Like A Feather—Prosperity And Adversity—Getting A Foothold—Stands To Reason—Perfect Model—For Comfort—Cool And Collected—At The Entrance—From Nature's Book—Power Of Thought—What's In A Name?—Well Matched—Simply—More Coal—Recklessly—Thinking About Moving—Brighter—If She's Got Sense—Following Suit—She Tells Him—The Average Man—He May Be Old, But—In The World's Eyes—For A Girl—"Hurry Up!"

(Closing Date, Saturday, October 19.)

Examples for "Bullets" Competition No. 733.

BRITISH PLUCK
WHEN THE PRINCE FLIES
OUR PRIDE
AUTUMN FASHIONS
ACCORDING TO TRADITION
WORTH A FORTUNE
TOWARDS THE LIGHT
FROM THE SEA
PAYING TRIBUTE
DODGING
WAVE OF ENTHUSIASM

I LOVE MUSIC, BUT
DRESS REFORMER
DOWN BELOW
WITHOUT STOPPING
RISING WATERS
DESTROYING BEAUTY
PATIENTLY
MAN WHO CAN TALK
TWIN SOULS
UPSETTING THE APPLE CART
FAMILY AFFAIR

MILLIONAIRE'S AMBITION
MODERNISED
FATHER'S THIRST
SHOULD BE POSSIBLE
FOR THE MOMENT
WHEN HE SAW HER
STARTLING
WON'T COME HOME
COMING TO A BAD END
"PLAY THE GAME!"

Example _____ Closing SATURDAY, October 12.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(733) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 1 Coupon, send P.O. for 6d. Address _____

Example _____ Closing SATURDAY, October 12.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(733) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 2 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. Address _____

Use Two, Three or Four Words. Enter name and address on each coupon.

Example _____ Closing SATURDAY, October 12.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(733) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 3 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d. Address _____

Example _____ Closing SATURDAY, October 12.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(733) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 4 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s. Address _____

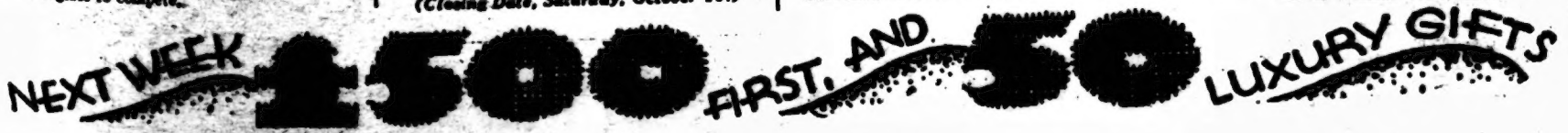
If you wish to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

Address Coupons: "Bullets" No. 733, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

SPECIAL NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £5, £2, and £1 respectively will be paid to the Newsagent from whom the winners of the three chief "Bullets" Prizes in Competition No. 733 have purchased their copies of "John Bull."

The original cheque for £500 awarded to the First Prize winner in Competition No. 729 will be shown in the window of Mr. G. E. Jones, 17, Brind Street, Barry, S. Wales.

COMING—MIGHTY DOUBLE PENSIONS OFFER:—£5 A WEEK FOR LIFE AND £5 A WEEK FOR LIFE.



"He's a different boy now"

—said a proud Scoutmaster

Many Scoutmasters have noticed it How a boy does change for the better when he learns the Lifebuoy Habit! Seems to brighten up all round. Becomes keener, more willing, less of a worry to his troop leader. And it's all because something has happened to his self-respect. It's grown. He's started to do something because he wants to, not because he's told to. Tasks that were irksome before, become interesting, important, pleasant when they are done from choice.

You should teach your own children the Lifebuoy Habit now. Teach them to wash their hands always before sitting down to meals. Whenever they come in from play or school. Children all take to Lifebuoy Soap, with its fine 'mannish' smell and jolly bubbly lather. Within a month the habit will be firmly fixed. And then the battle's won. They themselves will have laid the foundations of their own characters.

The LIFEBUOY HABIT

for health and character

LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED
PORT SUNLIGHT

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